

PLAY  
HOURS

CHILDREN'S BOOK  
COLLECTION

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Graham Elmslie  
5. July 1883.



# PLAY HOURS:

OR,

## THE HAPPY CHILDREN.

INTENDED FOR THOSE UNDER TEN YEARS OF AGE.

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CHILDREN WHO LEARN AND WORK MAY PLAY  
IN PROPER TIME, AND PLACE, AND WAY.

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# PLAY HOURS.



## CHAPTER I.

### HOW TO BE USEFUL.

MR. HALFORD was a man of a cheerful disposition and truly Christian spirit. Nothing gave him more pleasure with regard to his children than to see them happy, unless it was to know that they were making progress in useful knowledge, and remembering their Creator in the days of their youth. It was a favourite plan with him, to turn not only their hours of study to account, but also their seasons of pastime. For this purpose, he often gave up a short portion of his time,

when they had behaved well and been diligent, and became, as it were, a child with them. He shared their amusements ; and never were they more delighted than when in their play hours he joined them in their sports, or when they were listening to the narratives that he told them. Charles, Henry, and Cecil, were of the ages of nine, seven and a half, and six years ; and many were the pleasant conversations which took place between them and their indulgent parent, as will be seen by what follows.

*Charles.* Have you thought of a game, father ? You said you would try to think of something that we had not played at before.

*Mr. H.* Yes ! I believe I am ready for you. The game shall be, **How to BE USEFUL**, and I trust we shall find it to be a very good one, though somewhat sober.

*Henry.* How to be useful ! I am afraid you must play at that by yourself, for we can do very little to help you.

*Cecil.* I do not know how to be useful.

*Mr. H.* If we do not know how to be useful, for that very reason we should begin to learn. Many persons, when an accident takes place, are willing enough to be useful, but for want of knowing how, they only add to the confusion, and make things worse than before.

*Henry.* If an accident took place here, I would run for the doctor.

*Mr. H.* In that case you might do right, or you might do wrong ; for it might possibly be an accident that would not require the doctor. Old Mary Tibbets was a mighty woman for the doctor. Happen what would, she was sure to be

heard crying out, "Run for the doctor!" One winter's day, a neighbour entered her dwelling hastily, saying, "Mrs. Tibbets, your Mary has had an accident: her foot slipped under her, she has tumbled down, poor child, and broken ——" "Run for the doctor. run for the doctor!" cried out the old lady; "do not wait a moment, but run for the doctor." "Why no," replied the neighbour, "that will not be necessary; I was going to tell you that poor Mary had tumbled down and broken your blue jug."

*Charles.* Ha! ha! ha! The doctor would be as much puzzled to mend a broken jug as any body else.

*Henry.* When an accident happens, I will think whether the doctor will be wanted before I run for him.

*Mr. H.* That will be a much wiser course. But now for our game of How to be useful? Let us suppose that accidents of different kinds are taking place around us. I will cry out the accident supposed to have taken place, and then we will all say what in such cases we would do.

Now then! The chimney's on fire! The chimney's on fire! What would you do, Charles, if the chimney were really on fire?

*Charles.* I would run and fetch a pail of water, to put out the fire.

*Henry.* I would tell Thomas to get a ladder up to the top of the house directly, and pour water down the chimney.

*Cecil.* And I would run out into the road and cry Fire! fire! as loud as I could call.

*Mr. H.* There are different methods used in doing most things, but yours are not, in this case,

among the wisest. Crying out Fire, will never put out a fire. Getting a ladder to the top of the house would, in such a case, be losing time. And pouring water on the fire in the grate would not extinguish the fiery soot in the chimney.

*Charles.* What would you do, father ?

*Mr. H.* I would run up stairs for an old blanket, or coverlet, dip it in a tub of water, and then, after wringing it, fasten it with two forks, or something else, to the chimney-piece before the fire, keeping the doors and windows shut. The steam from the wet blanket rising up the chimney would very soon extinguish the burning soot.

*Charles.* I will try to remember that.

*Cecil.* But I could not fasten up a blanket to the chimney : I am not tall enough.

*Mr. H.* Very true, Cecil ; but you are growing every day : therefore, let us hope that the chimney will not be on fire at all, at least not before you are strong enough and tall enough to fasten up a blanket. But there is yet an easier way, and one that even you might adopt ; that is, by sprinkling water quickly, but in small drops, on the fire in the grate, that the steam from the sprinkled water may put out the fire in the chimney.

Now another accident. Run ! run ! run to the big pool ! The ice has broken, and let little Robert in the deep part by the floodgate ! What shall we do to prevent his being drowned ?

*Charles.* I would go along the ice to the place where he was, and pull him out.

*Henry.* I would call out loud to him, and tell him to lay hold of the edge of the ice till some one came to him.

*Cecil.* And I would run and—and—I don't

know what I should do, I should be so frightened.

*Mr. H.* Instead of your pulling him out, Charles, most likely he would pull you in, for the ice would be pretty sure to give way when you reached the edge of it; and as to Henry's calling out to him, that would be of little use, for he would be too much confused to hear him.

*Charles.* Really I do not know what I should do. I should cry out for help.

*Mr. H.* That might possibly be the best thing you could do. But it is well to learn to be useful ourselves, as well as to call upon others.

*Cecil.* It is your turn, father, to say what you would do.

*Mr. H.* Being much older than you, and a tolerable swimmer, there would be the less danger in my acting a bold part. I should, therefore, most likely, hasten to the place, whether the ice let me in or not, that I might keep the little fellow above water. But the best way for one to act in such a case, who cannot swim, is to look round promptly for a plank or board, or long pole, to push along the ice over the broken part. Many a drowning sufferer has been saved in this manner. If a house is near, and a ladder can be procured, it will do as well as a board; or a rope may be drawn across the broken ice by two persons, one on each side the pond, holding the ends fast; or a man might jump into the boat in the boat-house, and break the ice with a pole till he got to the sufferer: but the board or plank is, I think, the best way, because it is the readiest.

*Charles.* Ay! And a capital way it is. You recollect, Henry, if I ever tumble into a hole on

the ice, that you look sharply round for a long board.

*Mr. H.* Let us hope that all of you will be mercifully preserved from such a danger.

Well, now, here is another accident. Maurice Turner has cut his finger in making a boat ! See how it bleeds ! How can you make yourselves useful ?

*Henry.* I would put some salt on it.

*Charles.* And I would wash away the blood, and get some salve, spreading it on a piece of rag, and tying it round.

*Cecil.* I would run and tell my parents that Maurice had cut his finger, and ask them to come and see about it.

*Mr. H.* Well said, Cecil. It is always the wisest way, when we know not how to act ourselves, to run to those who are able to advise and assist us. If salt were put on a cut finger, it would, most likely, make it worse ; and so might salve, if it were not of a kind suited to the case. I should tie up the finger with some linen rag at once, without using salt or salve, taking care that the cut was well closed : if kept from the air, the cut finger would soon be well again.

Now for another case. See ! see ! Caroline has set her clothes on fire ! What would you do, boys, if a little girl stood here with her clothes all on fire ?

*Charles.* I would go directly for a pail of water.

*Henry.* I would tell her to run as fast as she could to the pool, where she might put out the fire at once.

*Cecil.* I would try to put out the fire with my hands.

*Mr. H.* None of these plans would do. Re-

member, the little girl's clothes are in flames, and every minute is of consequence ; while she stands upright, the flames gather strength. If you tried to put out the fire with your hands, you would only burn yourselves. If you left the poor girl while you went for water, she might be burned to death before you came back again. And if she ran, intending to reach the pool, the air would make her clothes flare up more than ever. The best way would be to lay her on the hearth-rug, and roll it round her. If there was no hearth-rug in the room, you might run to the hall for a great coat, which would be almost as good as the hearth-rug ; and if there happened to be no great coat or cloak hanging up there, why, then, off with your jacket, and wrap it closely round her till the flames are extinguished.

*Charles.* You know the best way, father, to do every thing.

*Mr. H.* Now, boys, try again how to be useful. Poor old Jonathan has been at work, getting the mud out of the ditch, and he has such a cold that he can hardly speak. What shall we do to cure him of his cold ?

*Charles.* I say, give him some hot elder wine with spice in it.

*Henry.* And I say, never mind the elder wine. Give him a good strong glass of brandy and water, as hot as you can make it.

*Cecil.* And I say, let him sit up in the chimney corner, with his head resting on a pillow.

*Mr. H.* All these plans would be just like trying to put out a fire with hot embers and deal shavings ! When a person has a cold, the perspiration of his body is stopped ; and the only way to cure a cold is, by restoring the perspira-

tion. In other words, when a man has a cold, he has a fire within him, which must be driven out ; but your hot wine and brandy and water would only add fuel to the fire. It is true, that many people who have colds drink wine and spirits, and yet get well ; but this is not owing to the spirits and the wine, but to the strength of the constitution that God in his goodness has given them.

*Charles.* You must put us right again, father. You must tell us how to cure poor old Jonathan.

*Mr. H.* If I am to be Jonathan's doctor, I shall order his feet to be put in warm water. I shall send him to bed in good time, then give him a basin of gruel or wine whey, to throw him into a perspiration ; and if he lies in bed a few hours longer than usual in the morning, so much the better. I have known a good draught of water also very useful. Attending to these things, and taking a little opening medicine, poor old Jonathan, with God's blessing, will be a man again the day after to-morrow.

*Charles.* You have soon set him to rights, however. I think we are learning to be useful apace, if we can only remember what you tell us.

*Mr. H.* At some other time, perhaps, we may enter again on this game. You are young ; but unless you get knowledge in youth, you will not be likely to be useful in after years.

One thing I should like you all to attain, and that is, to be able to make yourselves useful in times of sickness. If ever you are called on to act a part in a sick chamber, you will find this to be a great advantage.

*Charles.* How should we act ? We should go about very softly, and speak low.

*Mr. H.* At the present time, I must not enter

on the subject except to read to you a few useful remarks that I have met with. They are these: "If ever you are called to attend a sick bed, be sure to manifest *kindness*; without this quality, other qualities will lose much of their value. Be *tender*, not only with your hands, but with your tongue: *tenderness of heart* is quite necessary. Be sure to exercise *patience*; if you cannot do this, you are not fit to attend the sick. *Forbearance*, too, is a great virtue. Sick persons are often fretful and trying, and require to be borne with. *Cleanliness* is essential; a dirty cup, a bit of coal on the toast, or a hand begrimed with dirt, is enough to turn the stomach of an invalid. *Expertness* and *promptitude* are of great value, that the wants of the invalid may be supplied without delay. *Thoughtfulness* must be practised, that you may anticipate what will be required; and *watchfulness*, that you may know when to be of service. Be *sober*, as beseemeth an attendant on the sick; but be also *cheerful*. *Cheerfulness* is as good as medicine to the afflicted. *Firmness* and *prudence* are qualities that may at times be put to good account; and if, in addition to those I have mentioned, you have *sincere and lively piety*, ever desiring to keep the eye, the heart, and the hopes of the sufferer fixed on the great Physician, the Healer of the soul's leprosy as well as of the body's ailments, why then your attentions may indeed do good; they may be the means of benefiting both body and soul."

There! As this has been a quiet, sober game, you had better now run about, and begin some livelier sport; but the oftener you play together at this game of *How to be useful*, the more likely are you to become useful in reality.



## CHAPTER II.

## NOISE AND QUIETNESS.

*Charles.* Well, father ! What is to be the game to-night ? Please to tell us.

*Mr. H.* Oh, whatever you like, so that it will furnish you with amusement, and something is to be learned from it.

*Charles.* You must choose the game ! We shall never make anything of it unless you choose it.

*Mr. H.* Well ! If I must do so, it shall be the game of NOISE AND QUIETNESS.

*Henry.* Noise and quietness ! I never heard of such a game as that. You must tell us how to begin and go on, or we shall be at sad fault.

*Mr. H.* At sad fault ! Why, I never met with

a child who could not make a noise. Is it so very hard to young people to make a noise?

*Charles.* Oh, no! We can make noise enough, but we cannot make a game of making a noise. Please to tell us how to begin.

*Mr. H.* A day or two ago, I picked up a book about noise and quietness, and it struck me that it had in it some very useful remarks. Now, if I mingle some of these remarks with some of my own, perhaps, between them both, we shall be able to make a good game of play. Let us begin with quietness first, and then we can make noise enough after. Now all of you take your seats on that form.

*Cecil.* Sit a little further off, Henry! You squeeze me. There! that will do. Now we are quite ready.

*Mr. H.* Well! Now we will suppose that a poor old gentleman is very ill in the next room—an old gentleman that we respect and love very much. Suppose, too, that he cannot bear to hear a noise: let us all try to be silent, that we may not disturb him.

(They all sit two minutes without speaking a word, or stirring. The children begin to feel tired, and wonder how their father can call it a game of play. It seems to them the oddest game that ever they played at.)

*Mr. H.* There! I am sure we have behaved very well to the old gentleman; and now having got through one part of the game, we will go on to the other. Let us suppose that we have a cheerful young friend come to spend the evening with us, and we wish to make him happy by a very lively game; suppose, too, that no one is

near us who can be disturbed by the noise we make, however loud it may be. Now, then, you shall be wild creatures come to attack me, and I will be the traveller, and try to escape from you. What creature will you be, Charles?

*Charles.* I will be a lion, for I can roar capitally. Yes! I will be a lion.

*Henry.* And I will be a bear, for I can growl famously. Remember, I am the bear!

*Cecil.* And I will be a wild boar, and you shall hear me grunt.

*Mr. H.* But as there are so few of you, every one must take the part of two wild creatures.

*Charles.* Then I will be a hyena as well as a lion, and roar and howl by turns.

*Henry.* Will you? Then I will be a big snake, and what with growling and hissing, I shall be sure to frighten the traveller.

*Cecil.* I will be a wild cat, as well as a wild boar, and you will hear me grunt and mew, make as much noise as you will.

*Henry.* There, Mr. Traveller! We are all ready now, and so we give you notice.

*Mr. H.* If that is the case, it is high time that I should take care of myself, so I will just get behind this chair. Now I am ready for you! Now you may come on as fast as you like!

(The children all jump up from the form, and begin making a great noise. Charles roars as much like a lion as he can, and tries to howl like a hyena. Henry begins to growl like a bear and to hiss like a big snake, while little Cecil is not a whit behind them in grunting like a wild boar and mewing like a wild cat. Mr. Halford runs sometimes one way and sometimes another, and

what with the roaring of the lion, the growling of the bear, the grunting of the wild boar, the howling of the hyena, the hissing of the big snake, the mewing of the wild cat, together with the running and scuffling, as much noise is made as can be reasonably desired. Mr. Halford retreats into a corner, calling aloud for his dogs, Turk, Jowler, and Cesar, to come and help him. He is followed close up by the children, who are so much amused and delighted that they can hardly carry on the sport for merriment. In the very midst of their roaring, grunting, growling, mewing, howling, and hissing, the lion, the wild boar, the bear, the cat, the hyena, and the big snake, so far forget their several characters as to burst out laughing. Never was a more amusing game, though it must be acknowledged that it was a very noisy one. It is very possible, that had the owner of a real wild beast caravan himself been present, he might not have been able, in every case, to make out the particular animal intended to be imitated ; but for all that, it was, on the whole, a very creditable performance, and capitally answered the end of affording diversion. When the poor traveller had been scared enough by the wild creatures around him, when he had proved his courage by some show of defence, and after he had been fairly conquered by his excited and persevering pursuers, Mr. Halford, with some little difficulty, restored order, and made the following remarks.)

“ You see, my dear children, that this game of Noise and Quietness has proved to be a merrier game than you at first imagined ; and now, having had the pleasure, let us try not to lose sight of the

profit it may afford us. We may learn from this game a lesson of consideration. In our pastimes, we should take care not to trespass on others. Now suppose, when you had a cheerful young friend come to see you, you were to sit quite silent, and neither speak nor stir all the time he was with you !

*Charles.* Oh ! Catch him coming again !

*Mr. H.* Or suppose that when we had a sick friend with us, standing in need of repose, we were to make as much noise with the fire-irons, and in imitating wild creatures, as we have been making !

*Charles.* Why, it would almost kill him.

*Henry.* It would be sure to drive him out of his senses.

*Cecil.* It would be very cruel, indeed.

*Mr. H.* Well, then, you see that prudence and judgment are required even in our sports. Young people like noise, old people like quietness ; it is necessary, then, to be considerate to them both.

*Charles.* Do young people really like noise ! I never thought about it !

*Mr. H.* Had any one happened to come in five minutes ago, they would have had no doubt about the matter. But children like noise even from their very cradles. You have heard nurses make all manner of noises to please very young children, chirping, talking loud, and singing, to attract their attention and please them ; and then the first plaything put into a child's hand is either a coral with bells, or a rattle.

*Henry.* So it is, and old nurse makes a noise in the nursery from morning till night.

*Mr. H.* Then look at children, especially boys,

as they grow older, they cannot be happy without noise ; lambs that will bleat, and dogs that will bark, are bought them for playthings ; whistles, trumpets, drums, humming tops, and fifes, follow one another. Shouting, flinging stones against other stones, rattling a stick against palisades, and, in short, almost everything that makes a noise pleases a boy.

*Charles.* Well, so it does.

*Mr. H.* This being the case, grown up people should be considerate, and allow young people to have their sports whenever they do not trespass on those around them.

*Charles.* Yes ! We could never do without noisy games now and then.

*Mr. H.* But then, on the other hand, grown up people are not so fond of noise as young people are, unless it is connected with something else which affords them pleasure. Harmonious music pleases them, and singing, because the notes of the music excite agreeable thoughts, and the words sung are full of meaning. I have listened before now to the sounds of a fine old organ, and other instruments, while the Halleluiah chorus of Handel has been performed, and to the words, "The Lord God Omnipotent reigneth," sung with clear beautiful voices, till I could have almost cried for joy. When people grow old, quietude becomes necessary to them : you would not like to disturb your grandfather in his nap after dinner.

*Charles.* Oh no !

*Mr. H.* Nor when you see him sitting with the Bible before him, with a look of peace on his brow, receiving comfort from the promises,

his eyes kindling with love and hope. Nor when he lies languidly on the sofa, his face pale with sickness and pain, you would not willingly break in upon him with loud and boisterous mirth.

*Charles, Henry, and Cecil, altogether.* Oh no ! no ! no !

*Mr. H.* Well, then, I think you must now see how necessary it is that we should all be kindly considerate of one another, and that it is a want of this consideration that so often renders young people and old people discontented and unhappy.

*Charles.* We will never play at Noise and Quietness when grandfather is near us.

*Henry and Cecil.* No, never !

*Mr. H.* Well, then, as he is not near us now, and as we have the house all to ourselves, and shall annoy no one, and as a little more exercise will do us no harm, for five minutes more I will be the traveller again, and will do my best to keep off my terrible enemies. Here ! Turk ! Cesar ! Jowler !

(Thus crying out, Mr. Halford once more betook himself to the shelter of a chair, from which shelter he was very soon dislodged ; for in spite of all that he and his dogs could do, he was chased round the room two or three times by his terrific opponents. Charles roared and howled louder than ever ; Henry seemed to have improved by practice in growling and hissing ; and little Cecil was perfectly satisfied with his own grunting and mewing. Such a noisy game had never been played at before within doors by the young people, nor one that for the time had

afforded them greater amusement. Mr. Halford, as the poor traveller, was put to great straits. Turn which way he would, he met with a lion, a bear, and a wild boar, and when the time allowed for the game had expired, he had even then a big snake twining round his leg, a wild cat mewing in his face, and a savage hyena clinging to his shoulder.)





### CHAPTER III.

#### WHAT CAN YOU DO?

*Charles.* Run, Henry ! Run, Cecil ! Let us get to our places, and be all ready by the time father comes. He will be sure to be with us before the clock strikes, for he said he would.

*Henry.* Come along, Cecil ! You do not keep up with us ; stretch out your legs.

*Cecil.* So I do, but you are bigger than I am, and ought to run faster. Lay hold of my hand, Charles.

*Charles.* Now, Henry, you lay hold of the other, and we shall get along famously. Well done, Cecil.

*Henry.* Keep it up, Cecil ; we shall be there directly now. Only another gravel walk !

*Cecil.* I am so glad we are here, for I am quite out of breath.

*Charles.* Quick ! quick ! take your seats, for father is coming. We are all ready, though we have had a famous run for it. Here is your chair. You must set us about something.

*Mr. H.* We will now have a game at **WHAT CAN YOU DO ?** and I will tell you how we must begin. In this paper are a dozen pictures, some of beasts, and some of birds. Now if you will each of you draw one of them in turn, and ask the question, What can you do ? I will answer for the animal, whatever it may be, and so on till all have been drawn. You see that I shall have enough to do, for I shall have to play the parts of all the animals.

*Charles.* Well ! so you ought ; for none of us could answer for them so well as you.

*Cecil.* Come, Charles ! take one of the pictures out of the paper, and let us begin.

*Henry.* Ay, do ! We shall soon know more about the game when we once begin.

*Charles.* Here goes then ! Let me see which I shall choose ? Oh ! Here is a fine horse with a long tail. I will choose you, sir. *Mr. Horse*, what can you do ? Now, father, you are the horse you know, and must answer. What can you do, *Mr. Horse* ?

*Horse.* Why, if you want to go a journey, I can carry you on my back, or pull you along in a gig or chaise ; or in the stage coach, or the mail. If you want any coals for your fire, any sacks of flour to make bread with, or any article of furniture removed from one place to another, I can draw them for you in a cart or a wagon ; or if

you want your ground ploughed and harrowed, and your hay brought home from the field, in all these things no one can help you better than I can.

*Charles.* Well done, horse ! I say you are a very useful animal.

*Henry.* And so I say. Well done, horse !

*Cecil.* The horse has given a very good account of himself.

*Charles.* It is your turn to choose a picture now, Henry : let us see what it will be.

*Henry.* Here is a cow of a reddish colour and white. I will call her Cherry. Come, Cherry, show yourself ! What can you do, cow ?

*Cecil.* Now, father ! You are the cow you know.

*Cow.* I hope I can do a great deal. What is better than milk for your breakfast ? or good beef for your dinner ? or fresh butter for your bread at tea. Well, I can supply you with all these, and find leather to make you a strong pair of shoes into the bargain.

*Charles.* Capital, cow ! Capital !

*Henry.* The cow can do quite as much for us as the horse, I think.

*Cecil.* Now it is my turn to choose a picture. Here is a sheep, that shall be it. Now, Mrs. Sheep, what can you do for us ?

*Sheep.* If you looked at your clothes, you would hardly ask me the question. Your jackets, waist-coats, and trousers are made of my wool, to say nothing of your warm winter stockings and gloves. I supply you, also, with comfortable blankets, and no meat in the world is better or more wholesome than good mutton.

*Henry.* Famous ! Famous !

*Charles.* We could not wish for a better answer than the sheep has given us.

*Cecil.* Ah ! It was my sheep ! I drew the sheep.

*Charles.* It is my turn to try again. Hallo ! Here is a pig. What great ears he has ! Now, pig, tell us, what can you do ?

*Pig.* Why, supply you with hams, and chines, and gammons, and flitches of bacon ! The shoemaker would find it hard work to make your shoes, if I did not point the ends of his wax-threads for him ; and you would be sadly off when you wanted to brush your clothes, if I did not give my bristles to the brush-maker. Consider, too, how little I cost you ; for I eat anything. What you would throw away, and what no other animal would eat, serves me for a dinner.

*Charles.* Good again ! The pig gives a very capital answer.

*Henry.* What shall I choose now ? Here is a dog. I will have him. What can you do, dog ?

*Dog.* Hunt your game up hill and down, and through brake and brier ; guard your house in the night, whether it is pitch dark or moon-shiny ; drive the pigs out of the garden, fetch a stick out of the water, and twenty other things besides.

*Henry.* There is a fine fellow for you !

*Charles.* I thought Pompey would have something to say for himself. Now, Cecil !

*Cecil.* I have drawn a cat. See ! what whiskers she has. Now, pussy, answer for yourself. What can you do ?

*Cat.* I can catch a good many rats and mice, if there are any in the house, and I can drive the

rest away for you. When you stroke me, I rub against your legs with my head and my side to show you that I take it kindly ; and if you let me sit on your knee, I begin to pur, and make you happy by being happy myself.

*Charles.* We cannot expect more than that from a cat. The pictures are getting fewer and fewer. I will take the first that comes. It is a goose ! Well, Mother Goose, what can you do ?

*Cecil.* Now, father, you must speak for the goose.

*Goose.* To tell you the truth, I can do more than most people think ; for not only can I furnish you with feather beds, and a capital dish at Michaelmas, but I help mankind all the year round in other ways. All wise and learned men know that I am their friend ; the greater part of the pens they use come from my wings.

*Henry.* Well said, Mother Goose ! Here is a turkey, with a fine spread tail. What can you do, turkey ?

*Turkey.* Help you to keep a merry Christmas, for there is not a better dish put upon the table than a turkey.

*Charles.* That is not far from the truth, however. We always have a turkey at Christmas. Now, Cecil !

*Cecil.* Oh ! I have got a good fat hen with her chickens. What can you do, hen ? You can take care of your chickens, but what can you do for us ?

*Hen.* Supply you with new laid eggs. All of you like puddings and custards, I dare say ; you shall have my eggs to make them with.

*Cecil.* Thank you, hen, We do all like custards and puddings. I could eat a custard now.

*Charles.* I dare say you could, and so could I and Henry. But almost all the pictures are gone now. There are but three more. Here is a cuckoo! What can you do, cuckoo?

*Cuckoo.* I can make you all glad by reminding you that spring is come. I can bring to your mind sunshine and green grass, and fresh leaves and beautiful flowers.

*Henry.* Ay! we always think of sunshine and flowers when we hear the cuckoo. I have heard say, cuckoo, that you do not behave well to other birds. I have heard something against you that—

*Charles.* Pooh, Henry. Do not say anything against my cuckoo. Let us remember his good qualities, and not his bad ones. What will you choose? There are only two pictures now.

*Henry.* Here is a lark. That is just the thing. Lark, what can you do?

*Lark.* I can mount up in the air when the sun is rising, and sing you a song that is fit for the ear of the queen. A summer's morning would not be half what it is if I were to remain silent. When I am singing, you should be praising your Maker.

*Charles.* Very true! Every body must be pleased with the lark warbling and fluttering her wings. Now for the very last. What is it, Cecil?

*Cecil.* Why, a robin redbreast. Poor little robin; I would not hurt him on any account, though I do not know that he can do anything for us. Come, robin, I will put you on the table. What can you do?

*Robin.* Not a great deal; but I would do more if I could. I hop about the banks and

hedges when you come by, showing you my red waistcoat. Then I peck at your window in the winter, and call forth your pity and kindness, and repay you for the crumbs you give me with the best song I can sing.

*Henry.* So you do, Robin; and that is doing as much as can be required of you. I always loved Robin Redbreast.

*Charles.* Now, father, we have drawn all the pictures. We have had an answer from every beast and every bird, and a good answer too, for every one of them has been useful. What can you do? is a capital question.

*Henry and Cecil.* Yes, it is.

*Mr. H.* I am glad to hear you say so, because I was going to recommend you all to put it to one another. If these creatures can do so much for us, it is a very fit question to ask ourselves what we can do for them. We are bound, at the very least, to think kindly of them, and act kindly to them. If the horse were to say to each of us, "I have done much for you, what can you do for me?" what a reply it would be to say, "We can whip you, and spur you, and ill treat you." And yet many do reply so by their deeds. If the dog were to ask the same question, "What can you do for me?" it would be a sad reply to say "We can lash you, kick you, half starve you, and tie a canister to your tail;" and yet you know too many persons are cruel enough to do all these things.

*Charles.* It must be cruel and wicked too, after what they do for us, to use them ill.

*Mr. H.* By playing at this game now and then, it will remind you what benefits you receive from

the dumb creation. If the horse carries you, the cow, the pig, the turkey, and the hen, supply you with food ; if the dog protects you, the cat rids you of an annoyance, the goose furnishes you with quills and feathers, the cuckoo makes you joyful, the lark teaches you thankfulness, and the redbreast calls forth your kindly feelings, surely, in your turn, you should try to be equally useful to them. Let the question, "What can you do?" be put among you, with regard to the dumb creation ; next, with regard to one another ; and, chiefly, with regard to God. Think what God has done for you ; for these dumb creatures are but a small part of his gifts. He has given you health, food, raiment, and friends ; sunshine, fresh air, green trees, fruit, and flowers ; eye-sight, understanding, the sabbath day, and the Holy Bible : and he has given, also, his only Son to die for sinners ; and all who believe in him shall be saved. How much you owe for such undeserved good ! What can you do, then, for his glory ?

As we have now done with the animals, at least for the present, you may as well put the horse in the stable, the cow in the shed, the sheep in the pen, the pig in the sty, the dog in his kennel ; and as for the cat, she will soon be sitting in the sun on the garden wall.

*Charles.* And what must we do with the rest ?

*Mr. H.* Oh, use them kindly, and give them all some food. Let the goose, the turkey, and the hen, have the yard to range in ; let the cuckoo fly up in a tree, and the lark in the air ; and let robin redbreast go out of the house, or stop in the house, just as he pleases.



## CHAPTER IV.

### OLD ROBIN, THE WOODMAN.

*Charles.* Now, father, please to tell us one of your nice long tales : be sure that it is a long one.

*Henry.* Yes, for the last was too short a great deal.

*Cecil.* A tale ! a tale !

*Mr. H.* On one condition I will tell you a tale : it is, that you shall all help me.

*Charles.* Oh ! that is too bad ; for you know we cannot help you, and so we shall get no tale at all.

*Cecil.* I am sure I cannot help.

*Mr. H.* Well ! I am of a different opinion, for I believe every one of you can help me ; so I will

begin at once, and expect you to help me a great deal. Once on a time—

*Charles.* That's the way to begin a tale. "Once on a time."

*Mr. H.* Once on a time, three children, who had a holiday, set off together for a pleasant—a pleasant—what, *Charles*?

*Charles.* A pleasant walk, I suppose.

*Mr. H.* Yes, a pleasant walk; and they had not gone far before they met a bad boy, an apprentice, who was older than they were. He told them that he had a holiday, (but this was not true,) and would go with them. Presently, they came to a tree; the bad boy pulled off his jacket to climb up the—the—what, *Henry*?

*Henry.* The tree! the tree!

*Mr. H.* Yes, to climb up the tree; and when he had got up to the first—the first—

*Charles.* Bough!

*Mr. H.* Yes, the first bough, he found there a bird's—a bird's—

*Cecil.* A bird's nest!

*Mr. H.* You are right, *Cecil*; he found a bird's nest, and he saw in it three—three—

*Cecil.* Eggs!

*Henry.* Young birds!

*Mr. H.* Yes, he saw in it three young birds; so he pulled off his hat, and, putting the young birds in it, came down the—

*Charles.* The tree!

*Mr. H.* The tree. The old birds came fluttering round, chirping in a pitiful manner, for they were very sorry to lose their—their—

*Cecil.* Young ones!

*Mr. H.* Their young ones. Soon after this,

they came to a cottage, where lived a poor widow. In the garden was an apple tree, and some of the boughs were very low. The bad boy crept through the—the—

*Charles.* Hedge!

*Mr. H.* Through the hedge, and pulling down one of the—

*Cecil.* Boughs!

*Mr. H.* One of the boughs, stripped off five or six apples, and put them into his—his—

*Henry.* Pockets!

*Mr. H.* Pockets. After this, he crept back again through the hedge, and gave them all an apple apiece that they should not—not—

*Charles.* That they should not tell of him.

*Mr. H.* Exactly so. At the end of the lane was a pound, with stone walls round it. The gate was open. On the other side of the lane grazed a poor jackass. “Oh! oh!” said the bad boy, “we will play you a trick, Mr. Donkey!” So he drove the poor ass into the—the—

*Henry.* Pound!

*Mr. H.* Yes, into the pound, where the poor animal could get nothing to eat; and then he shut to and fastened the—

*Cecil.* The gate!

*Mr. H.* Right, Cecil. The three children knew that all these things done by the bad boy were wrong; but they had not courage to say so, because he was so much older than they were. When they came to the cross roads by the finger-post, they saw a blind man with his dog. The blind man heard them, and asked them the way to the village; but the bad boy directed him wrong. “Bless you,” said the blind man, “for

telling me the road." The bad boy went on laughing. No great while after this, the bad boy led the three children into a wood that he knew, and when they were in a thick part of it among the—the—

*Charles.* The trees!

*Mr. H.* Yes, the trees, the bad boy took an opportunity to get away, and leave them to themselves. Bad companions always, sooner or later, deceive those they lead astray. In his hurry to be off, the bad boy forgot that one of the children was carrying the—the—

*Charles.* Young birds!

*Mr. H.* Yes. So that he himself was cheated of his prize by his bad conduct. The children looked up, but the thick boughs of the trees almost hid the—the—

*Henry.* Sky!

*Mr. H.* Almost hid the sky from their sight; and the thorns and brambles caught hold of their—

*Cecil.* Clothes!

*Mr. H.* Yes, their clothes. Heartily did they repent of their folly in being led astray by the bad boy. They should have said, *No!* the moment he proposed what was wrong to them. Well, they wandered through the—

*Cecil.* The wood!

*Mr. H.* Yes; until at last they met Old Robin the woodman, a man who feared God and loved his Bible. Right glad were they to meet—to meet—

*Charles.* Old Robin!

*Mr. H.* Old Robin. It was very clear to the old man that they were all much frightened, and

that one of them had been crying: so he spoke kindly to them, and told them that he would show them the way out of the—

*Henry.* Wood!

*Mr. H.* Yes. Then he took hold of the youngest of them by the—

*Cecil.* The hand!

*Mr. H.* And as he walked along, he pushed aside the—the—

*Charles.* Bushes!

*Mr. H.* And when he had brought them out of the wood, they told him how they had been led astray by a bad companion. Old Robin shook his head, which was covered with grey—

*Charles.* Hair!

*Mr. H.* Yes; and told them that they should be very careful in the choice of their companions. There is a text in the—the—

*Henry.* Bible!

*Mr. H.* Yes, the Bible, which says, “ My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not,” Prov. i. 10. The children thought to themselves they would do in future as Old Robin told them. When they told Old Robin about robbing the poor birds of—

*Cecil.* Their young ones!

*Mr. H.* Yes; their young ones, Old Robin shook his head again. “ Ay,” said he, “ that young rogue who robbed the poor birds will grow up a cruel man if God does not change his—his—

*Charles.* Heart.

*Mr. H.* “ His heart. The Bible says, ‘ Deliver me, O my God, out of the hand of the cruel man,’ Psa. lxxi. 4. The young birds must be taken back

to their nest." When the children told Old Robin how the bad boy had robbed the poor widow, once more he shook his head. "Sad, sad," said he. "It is bad enough to wrong any one, but worse still to wrong a poor widow. The Holy Scriptures say, 'Thou shalt not steal,' and woe betide those who break God's commandments." The children then confessed that they had each had an apple, but that they had not eaten it. "I am glad of that," said Old Robin; "the poor widow must have her apples back again." Then the children told Old Robin of the trick played on the jackass. "Poor beast! poor beast!" said he, shaking his head. "We must let him out of the—

*Henry. The pound !*

*Mr. H.* Yes, the pound. Old Robin said, "God made the poor brute, and we ought to be kind to God's creatures. That donkey belongs to Abel Harper, who is a good master to him. Solomon says, 'A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast,' Prov. xii. 10." As the children did not want to keep any thing back from Old Robin, they told him all about the poor blind man, and then he shook his head more than ever. "Sorry, indeed, am I to hear this," said he; "for it was a very wicked deed. God says, 'Cursed be he that maketh the blind to wander out of the way,' Deut. xxvii. 18." The children looked quite terrified, but Old Robin went on talking to them very kindly. "This all comes," said he, "of not taking heed to God's word. When we begin to do wrong, we know not what it may lead us to do." Old Robin then told them that he had been taught to love the Bible and to

fear God in his youth, and that God had not forgotten him in his age. "Always go to God and to his word for instruction," said he; "for God, who gave his Son to die for sinners, is not likely to refuse you anything that is good for you to have." All at once, they came upon the poor blind man, and then Old Robin took him back to the right road, telling him that it was a wicked young rogue who had led him astray. Next they came to the pound. Old Robin soon opened the—the—

*Cecil. Gate!*

*Mr. H. Ay!* he opened the gate, and let out the—

*Henry. Donkey!*

*Mr. H.* The donkey. The children ran about gathering the freshest grass they could find for the poor jackass, to make amends for his having been shut up in the pound. Leaving the poor brute to enjoy his heap of grass, the children went on to the widow's cottage. Old Robin went in with them, and told the—the—

*Charles. Poor widow.*

*Mr. H.* Yes; he told her that a wicked boy had stolen her—

*Cecil. Apples.*

*Mr. H.* Her apples; and that the children with him had brought back what he had given them. This so much pleased the poor widow, that she gave the apples back again to the—

*Henry. Children!*

*Mr. H.* To the children, telling them that they were heartily welcome to them. After this, Old Robin went on with his young friends, taking on his shoulder a short ladder that he had borrowed

of the widow. When they came to the tree which the bad boy climbed up, Old Robin placed the short ladder against it, and putting the—the—

*Cecil.* The children!

*Charles.* No, the young birds.

*Mr. H.* Yes, the young birds gently into his hat, he mounted the—the—

*Henry.* Ladder.

*Mr. H.* He mounted the ladder, and put the young birds into the—

*Cecil.* The nest.

*Mr. H.* Into the nest, and never were the old birds half so happy as when they looked into the nest, and once more saw their young ones. Kind-hearted Old Robin had been sadly hindered in his work; but the parents of the children took care that he was no loser on this account. The bad boy had a sound flogging when he got home for playing truant, for he had not asked his master for a holiday, and the three children made up their minds never again to be led astray by a bad companion.





## CHAPTER V.

### ROBERT THE RHYMESTER.

*Charles.* Please to tell us of Robert the Rhymester, father! You said that you would tell us of him some day, and you often say there is no time like present time.

*Henry and Cecil.* Yes! Do tell us of Robert the Rhymester!

*Mr. H.* Well, boys, if you think that will amuse you, I will begin at once; what say you, Cecil?

*Cecil.* Why, I say that I should like to hear about Robert the Rhymester.

*Mr. H.* Robert the Rhymester was an old man with hair as white as flax; and whenever he began to talk, there was no stopping him. On he went from one subject to another, pouring out

as much wisdom, and as many pleasant remarks, as you would get from half a dozen other people. He was called Robert the Rhymester, because he had a habit of mingling short rhymes with what he had to say. This he did, that his remarks might be remembered the more easily, especially by children, whom he loved dearly. I will repeat to you, as well as I can, what I heard fall from his lips a week ago, as he stood talking to some children. You must listen patiently, for remember I told you that when Robert once began to talk, there was no stopping him. This is the way he went on:—

My young friends, never lose a present opportunity.

Now's the time, and now's the hour;  
By and by the sky may lower.

Improve your time! Make hay while the sun



shines; and, like the bee, gather honey while

honey is to be had. The farmer that lets seed-time pass without sowing, is not likely to gather in a good crop. The sailor that loses wind and tide, is likely enough to want them when he cannot have them. Now is the time to listen to old Robert. My hair is white with age, for I have lived many years. God's mercy has preserved me; but 'the pitcher that goes often to the well will come home broken at last.' Therefore listen to me now, dear children; for very soon the grass will be growing over my grave.

There's no time to spare:  
Of minutes take care.

And quite as little time to spare on the part of an old man, who has one foot in the grave, when he wishes to do good. Mind what I say:

Act well your part  
With an upright heart;

for there's no good to be got by crooked ways. When apples and oranges grow on brambles, bad thoughts, bad words, and bad deeds will make you happy, and not before. If you wish to go to the east, you must not turn your face to the west: if you desire to be peaceful in age, you must not be wayward in the days of your youth.

Mind what seeds you put in the ground, or, in other words, what desires you get into your hearts.

For the flower will grow  
Of the seed that you sow.

He that sows nettles and thistles, will have enough of them by and by.

Always carry Truth in your bosoms: it will

shine brighter there than a diamond pin, and you will never be afraid of showing your faces.

While the liar skulks away,  
Truth will walk in open day.

When you begin anything good, go on to do it with life and spirit. Where is the use of half-doing things? Who would live in a half-built house? Who can pass over a half-built bridge?

In all things but sin,  
End what you begin.

Do not suppose that if I give you good advice I want to make you sad. Old Robert is never melancholy himself, and he never wishes to make other people so. If he had the power, he would dress up your faces with smiles, he would

Wipe all sorrow from your eyes,  
And make you happy, good, and wise.

But he cannot do this, and therefore he advises you to do it for yourselves, by fearing God and keeping his commandments.

Do not fall into the mistake, that you can correct the errors of youth when you become old. No! no! That is out of the question.

What an old man is, he is likely to be;  
You may bend the twig, but not the tree.

The sooner you set about a thing, the sooner will you get it finished. What can be done before breakfast, should never be left till after dinner. What can be attained in childhood, must never be left till old age.

Form good habits while you're young;  
Rolling years will make them strong.

Some are always putting things off till to-morrow which ought to be done to-day. "Time enough for that," say they, "when spring comes;" or, "When the summer arrives, you will see!" or, "We will make a change in the autumn;" or, "Another winter shall not pass over without our attending to it;" when, alas! if they ever come,

Summer, spring, and autumn gay,  
And winter, too, will pass away.

And they may never come at all. It is said, that a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush, and if this can be said with truth of anything, it may of time; therefore, take care of your present moments, and turn them to account. Remember,

The hour that is o'er  
Will come back no more!

Whether you look on God's works or on his word, never forget to praise him. He who can see God's creation without seeing God's goodness, has but a very poor eyesight; for

Things below and things above  
Show his wisdom, power, and love.

If you lack health and want wealth, you may travel far and not find them; but God's goodness is to be found everywhere. Walk where you may, ride where you will, remain at home, or cross the seas,

God is good on every hand,  
In every clime, in every land.

The blades of grass are many, the drops of dew are more; but both together are not half so many as God's mercies. To count the drops in the

sea would be hard : to number the blessings that God bestows would be harder.

Blessings round about us spread  
More thick than hairs upon our head.

Never be cast down by trifles. If a spider breaks his thread twenty times, twenty times will he mend it again. Make up your minds to do a thing, and you will do it. Fear not if a trouble comes upon you ; keep up your spirits, though the day be a dark one.

Troubles never stop for ever,  
The darkest day will pass away !

If the sun is gone down, look up at the stars ; if the earth is dark, keep your eyes on heaven ! With God's presence and God's promises, a man or a child may be always cheerful.

Never despair when the fog's in the air !  
A sunshiny morning will come without warning.

Mind what you run after ! Never be contented with a bubble that will burst, or with a firework that will end in smoke and darkness. Get that which you can keep, and which is worth keeping,

Something sterling, that will stay  
When gold and silver fly away.

Fight hard against a hasty temper. Anger will come ; but resist it stoutly. A spark may set a house on fire. A fit of passion may give you cause to mourn all the days of your life. Never revenge an injury.

He that revenges knows no rest ;  
The meek possess a peaceful breast.

If you have an enemy, act kindly to him, and make him your friend. You may not win him

over at once, but try again. Let one kindness be followed by another, till you have compassed your end. By little and little, great things are completed.

Water falling, day by day,  
Wears the hardest rock away.

And so repeated kindness will soften a heart of stone.

Whatever you do, do it willingly. A boy that is whipped to school never learns his lesson well. A man that is compelled to work cares not how badly it is performed. He that pulls off his coat cheerfully, strips up his sleeves in earnest, and sings while he works, is the man for me.

A cheerful spirit gets on quick ;  
A grumbler in the mud will stick.

Evil thoughts are worse enemies than lions and tigers, for we can keep out of the way of wild beasts, but bad thoughts win their way everywhere. The cup that is full will hold no more ; keep your heads and your hearts full of good thoughts, that bad thoughts may find no room.

Be on your guard, and strive and pray  
To drive all evil thoughts away.

Remember, life is short, and your moments uncertain. If you have health to-day, you may have sickness to-morrow. You must not reckon on a long life. Before the sun sets, you may be called away from the world.

Whatever paths our feet may tread,  
Our life is like a spider's thread.

There is more peace, more comfort, and more joy got by love and affection, than by all the

hatred and unkindness in the world. Hatred is like a stone thrown in the air : it will fall on your own head. Love is like a nosegay of flowers : it will make you pleasant to all around you.

This is the best and wisest plan,  
Live and do good to every man.

If you commit a fault, never hide it. You may cover over a weed, but it will spring up stronger than ever. Better stop in a miry lane, when you are over shoe tops, than go on till you are up to your knees.

A fault confess  
Is half redrest.

Therefore, confess your faults, and thereby lighten your hearts.

Once more, let me tell you that your lives are uncertain.

The queen with her crown  
To the dust must come down,  
For life is a day  
That flies quickly away.

Remembering how short life is, let us seek the mercy of Christ at once. He is able and willing to save all that come unto God by him, and especially the young.

We can't too soon begin  
To seek the Saviour's face,  
And beg the pardon of our sin  
Through his redeeming grace.

I have now talked long enough, and told you quite as much as you can remember. It all amounts to this : if you live in sin, you will live in sorrow, and there is no way to be happy but in loving one another, in fearing God, and keeping his commandments."

Now, off boys, to your sports! Spin your tops, bowl your hoops, fly your kites! Run, skip, jump, smile, laugh, and be happy! But do not forget what you have heard from old Robert!

*Charles.* Famous! famous! I will write out all the rhymes to-night.

*Henry.* Capital! capital!

*Cecil.* Well done, Robert the Rhymester!





## CHAPTER VI.

## USEFUL TRADES.

*Mr. H.* Now, boys, for a game at USEFUL TRADES. Let us all in our turn choose what trade we will be, and show how well we understand our business. Come, Charles, suppose you set up in business first; and, as we cannot live without eating, I would advise you to be a baker.

*Charles.* Well, then, I will be a baker; and you must all fancy that my hat and coat are all over flour. In the morning, I shall sell hot rolls for your breakfasts; and after that, you may come to me and buy bread, or I will send it to you in my cart.

*Henry.* Tell us, Mr. Baker, how you make your hot rolls and your loaves of bread.

*Cecil.* Yes, tell us all about it. How do you set to work, Mr. Baker?

*Charles.* Why, I make flour and water into dough, and cut it into pieces, and put it in the oven to bake. The small pieces are to make hot rolls, and the large pieces are to make loaves.

*Mr. H.* I see, Mr. Baker, that you do not half understand your business; so we will try to make you wiser. In the first place, you must buy your flour of the miller; and, if it be not good flour, you will not soon hear the last of it from your customers. You must prepare your leaven, commonly called the sponge, by mixing up, in proper quantities, flour, salt, water, yeast, and other ingredients, with a few potatoes, leaving them some hours to ferment. At about eleven or twelve at night, you must mix your leaven with your dough, made of flour and water, letting it remain in the trough two or three hours, during which time you must heat your oven; and then, if sleepy, you may stretch yourself at full length on your sacks for an hour; but mind that you are up again and at work as soon as the dough is ready for you. Now, Mr. Baker, you may cut and weigh your dough, putting a batch (that is, an oven-full) to bake; but remember one thing, your hot rolls will be wanted by eight o'clock in the morning, so take care to have them ready. When you have sold your hot rolls, then send out your bread; put into the oven the dishes which the people have sent to you to be baked for dinner; and, when afternoon comes, clear up your bakehouse, look over the account of the business you have done, and the money you have taken; then set your sponge, and get to bed by

seven, that at eleven you may be up and at your work again as fresh as ever.

*Charles.* I shall make a capital baker now, however. What trade will you be, Henry?

*Mr. H.* A tailor, Henry? for clothing is the next necessary thing to food.

*Henry.* Yes, I will be a tailor, and make all your clothes for you; that is what I will do.

*Mr. H.* What! without taking our measure! We shall cut pretty figures, I expect. I shall have a coat so tight that I cannot get it on, and Charles and Cecil will have waistcoats down to their knees. This will never do. You must first buy your cloth and other materials of the woollen draper and the button-maker; and if these are not good, the best tailoring in the world will not make them into good clothes. When you take the measure of any one, you must be very particular; a bad fitter cannot be a good tailor. See to the cutting out; for on this the fit and fashion of the garment mainly depends. Now for the sewing. No loose, long stitches; but neat and firm work, with the seams well flattened down with the iron. Send home the clothes in good clean paper; for a dirty sheet of paper and an old knotted piece of string will make your customers think ill of your work. Make out a fair bill, not overcharging for your cloth, velvets, facings, trimmings, buttons, silk, twist, buckram, and thread. Be civil and attentive to your customers, and you will soon have as much business as you can attend to.

*Cecil.* I will be a shoemaker, and you shall hear me hammering away at my lapstone.

*Charles.* Make me a pair of boots, Mr. Shoemaker.

*Henry.* And me a pair of strong shoes and light slippers. Let us see how you will begin.

*Cecil.* I will cut out one piece of leather for the bottoms, and another piece for the tops, and fasten them together.

*Mr. H.* But what sort of leather will you use? and what tools will you have to begin with? Give us the whole account.

*Cecil.* I will go to the tanner's for some leather, and cut it with a knife, and sew it together with a wax-end. Oh! I forgot my lapstone. I will hammer the sole well on the lapstone.

*Mr. H.* This is pretty well, Cecil, so far as it goes; but there is much more to do in making boots and shoes than you imagine.

*Charles.* Tell us all about it, father. Come, you must be the shoemaker.

*Mr. H.* If I am to be a boot and shoemaker, I must look about me. First, have I got a shop-board and cutting knife? Then, have I a shop, or at least a stall to work in, with awls, lasts, hammers, pincers, paring-knives, apron, lapstone, wax, wax-ends, bristles, clenchers, and tacks?

*Cecil.* How many things are wanted!

*Mr. H.* Now I must be off to the currier's for my leather; strong cow-hide for soles, and calf-skin for upper leathers, or morocco, (which is goat-skin,) or horse, dog, or deer skin, as the case may be; then I must have stuffs, broad-cloths, jeans, nankeen, and satin, for women's boots. Now, with my size-stick I must take your measure. The next thing is, to play the clicker, that is, to cut out the boots and shoes; and at last, sitting down, I set to work. Soles, heels, upper leathers, quarters, vamps, welts, and insoles,

are all well attended to, and your boots, your shoes, and your slippers, will, I hope, give you satisfaction.

*Charles.* You are a famous shoemaker, however; but now please to choose for yourself another trade. We have had food, clothes for our bodies, and shoes for our feet: what do we want next?

*Mr. H.* I should think, a house to live in; so I will be a builder.

*Henry.* Oh build me a house, Mr. Builder, and mind that it is a good one!

*Mr. H.* In building a house, we must have other hands employed besides the builder, though sometimes the builder undertakes to have all done under his management. Well, the architect has given me a plan, and you approve it, and now I set to work. First, I see to my foundation. I must concrete the foundation. Wo be to the best built house in England, if it be on a bad foundation! While the foundation is being dug, I will get my bricks drawn to the place: they are grey-stock bricks for the front, and not red bricks; for though grey-stocks are the cheaper of the two, they are the better on many accounts. Where the work is not seen, I shall use place-bricks. I shall make my mortar with great care, slaking my lime with as little water as possible, and then mixing sand and hair with it thoroughly. In building, I shall adopt the English bond, and not the Flemish bond. English bond is laying one row of stretchers, bricks placed longways, and then a row of headers, bricks placed endways. It may not look quite so well, but it is firmer, in my opinion. I will grout in every three or four

courses. I will not build too fast: four or five feet at a time will be enough, as I know that the soft mortar will give way from the pressure above it. The drains and water courses shall not be neglected; the walls, chimneys, floors, and roof, shall be well attended to; not an unsound beam or rafter shall be used; the arches and ornaments shall be done in a workmanlike manner; and the slates on the top, (for we will have no tiles,) shall be the best Ladies, Countesses, Duchesses, Welsh, Rags, Queens, Imperials, or Patents, whichever are most suitable for the building.

*Charles.* What fine names the slates have!

*Mr. H.* There! Now your house is ready built for you, and the sooner you set to work the plasterer and the carpenter and joiner the better. What with them, and the glazier, the painter, the locksmith, the paper-hanger, and the upholsterer, you will have enough to occupy you for some time to come. I hope your money is safe in the bank; for, depend upon it, I shall not forget to send in my bill.

*Henry.* Now, Charles, it is your turn again. I think you had better be a plasterer, that you may attend to the walls and ceilings of the house which has been built for me.

*Charles.* No, no! You may plaster your house yourself, Henry; for I will be a carpenter. First, I will buy some timber, then I will saw it up into boards and different forms.

*Cecil.* But how can you saw it up into boards, when you have no saw to do it with?

*Charles.* Oh! I would soon get a saw!

*Henry.* Yes; but you ought to have bought a saw before you bought your timber; and there

are a great many other tools that you ought to have.

*Charles.* Give me a saw, a hammer, some nails, and some timber, and I shall make a capital carpenter and joiner. Oh, oh ! I shall want a plane : I forgot a plane.

*Mr. H.* If these are all your tools, Mr. Carpenter and joiner, you must not expect a great deal of business.

*Charles.* Please to tell me, then, what other tools I shall want.

*Mr. H.* You will want a complete chest of tools, to be a carpenter ; and still more to be a joiner. You must have adzes, axes, planes, with many kinds of planing irons, compasses, mallets, hammers, chisels, saws, turn-screws, gimblets, sprig-borers, screws, nails, and many things besides ; and then, in joining, the gouges, the chisels, the planes, and the saws, are more numerous still, and of a better and finer description. With carpenter's tools, you may make a common door, a window frame, and a roof ; but when you took in hand such things as staircases, balustrades, handrails, elegant doors, doorcases, wainscoting, cornices, and shutters, you would find yourself sadly at fault, without the tools of the joiner.

*Henry.* You shall not do the work of my house, Charles, unless you have a complete chest of tools ; for I will have it done well.

*Charles.* Depend upon it, I will do the work cleverly.

*Mr. H.* Well, then, we will leave you for a while in your white apron, with a paper cap on your head, working away at a carpenter's bench,

up to your knees in shavings, while Henry tells us how he would set to work as a plasterer.

*Henry.* Before I begin, I must have an apprentice. I cannot plaster the walls unless somebody waits upon me and brings me my mortar.

*Cecil.* I will be your apprentice, tell me what I must do?

*Henry.* Mix up that mortar! Put my bench against the wall, that I may stand upon it! Find me my trowel! Now put the mortar on the board, and bring it to me; and mind that you do every thing that I tell you!

*Cecil.* You are telling me to do every thing at once.

*Charles.* I am afraid, Cecil, that your master will never be able to teach you your business.

*Henry.* Oh! he must see me work; and I warrant, after a while, he will be able to plaster a house as well as I can.

*Mr. H.* I think that very possible; but not being the best workman in the world yourself, I would advise you to obtain a little more knowledge before you undertake a house of any importance.

*Henry.* Why, is there anything hard in spreading mortar smoothly over a wall?

*Mr. H.* Common lath-and-plaster work may be tolerably easy; but when you have to coat over and over with very fine mortar, to bring it up to a beautiful surface, on which the colour is to be laid, it is quite another thing. Then again, the plasterer has to form beautiful stucco mouldings, elegant cornices, and highly ornamental ceilings. Oftentimes, too, the plasterer is a house decorator, and then he has to show his skill in

forming bold patterns on doors and panels, and in picking out in colours ancient carved ceilings, and embossed ornaments ; so that, Mr. Plasterer, you have something yet to learn yourself, and a great deal to teach your apprentice.

*Henry.* I had no notion that a plasterer was expected to know so much. Now for the next trade. Suppose, father, you set up for a plumber and glazier.

*Mr. H.* Another time ! another time, *Henry* ! I must leave you to yourselves for the present, and attend to other things. As Charles has been a baker, he will do well to remember that the soul requires food as well as the body ; for man does not “ live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God,” Matt. iv. 4. As you have been a tailor, you must not forget that sin first introduced clothing, and that we all require to be clad in a robe of righteousness which the Redeemer alone can put upon us. And as I have been a builder, it becomes me to bear in mind that earthly dwelling-places will moulder away, and that there is another house, “ not made with hands, eternal in the heavens,” 2 Cor. v. 1.

*Cecil.* I shall expect you, *Henry*, if I am your apprentice, to teach me all that we have heard about ; and the next time we play at useful trades, I will be a blacksmith.



WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR.

## CHAPTER VII.

## THE SOVEREIGNS OF ENGLAND.

*Mr. H.* A new game, boys! A new game!

*Charles.* What is it, father? What is it?

*Mr. H.* Oh, quite a new game. One that you have never heard of before!

*Cecil.* Henry! Henry! Come directly, for we are to have a new game!

*Henry.* Here I am ! What is the game about ?

*Charles.* That is just what we want to know.

*Mr. H.* The new game is, THE SOVEREIGNS OF ENGLAND. Here I have pictures of them all. I will introduce them in their proper order, and you must tell me what you think of them. Be seated, for I am quite ready to begin. First, let me have the honour of introducing to your notice William I., commonly called the Conqueror ; William II., known by the name of William Rufus ; Henry I., and Stephen. Now what do you know and think of them ?

*Cecil.* I say, William the Conqueror had a capital horse, if it was like that in the picture. How fine he looks with that cloth all over him !

*Charles.* King William won the battle of Hastings : no wonder that he should be called the Conqueror.

*Henry.* I do not like him, because he made all the people put out their fires and candles at eight o'clock at night. William Rufus had red hair ; that is all that I remember about him.

*Charles.* What ! have you forgotten that he was killed with an arrow by Walter Tyrrel in New Forest ? I remember that very well. As for Henry I., he was an usurper ; and I hardly know whether Stephen was much better.

*Henry.* I will tell you one good thing that Henry I. did : he put an end to the curfew-bell, and let the people have lights after eight o'clock. I like him for that, however.

*Mr. H.* William the Conqueror built many strong fortresses ; among them was the Tower of London. Doomsday Book, an account of England and most of the estates in it, was written by

his order ; and he formed the New Forest in Hampshire : but with all his famous acts, he was a hard-hearted, cruel man. Rufus was covetous, though he built Westminster Hall. Henry I. was a fine scholar, and as such was much respected ; but he had many faults. Stephen had good qualities, but his ambition was not one of them. You see, though these were kings, how easily I can dethrone them. There ! they are gone ! and now, at my bidding, Henry II., Richard I., King John, and Henry III., stand before you.

*Charles.* It was Henry II. who quarrelled with Thomas à Becket, the proud archbishop of Canterbury. Richard I. was a famous warrior. They say that he had the heart of a lion.

*Cecil.* What a big axe he holds in his hand ! and he is covered with armour from head to foot.

*Henry.* And look at King John ! Let me see ! I think he was a good king ; for he signed Magna Charta. I hardly remember anything of Henry III.

*Charles.* King John a good king ! I think he was a very bad king, and a very bad man too. He would never have signed Magna Charta if his barons had not put on their armour, and made him sign it. As to Henry, it has been said, "Henry III. was no man of his word," therefore the less we say of him the better.

*Mr. H.* We must not forget, when speaking of kings, that they are subject to much greater temptations than other people. Henry II. had much provocation from Thomas à Becket ; but he was very wrong in saying the hasty words that caused four barons to murder him. Richard I. could think of nothing but fighting : had he

loved peace, as he loved war, he would have done much more than he did for the good of his people. King John was weak, foolish, and treacherous, as well as tyrannical and cruel. Henry III. had no qualities to fit him for a throne. See, Cecil, I am about to dismiss four kings, and to summon four others into my presence.

*Cecil.* Who are the next kings?

*Mr. H.* King Edward I., Edward II., Edward III., and Richard II.

*Charles.* I shall never forgot the cruel deed of Edward I. in killing the Welsh bards, and in hanging so many Jews; and Edward II. was no more fit to be a king than Cecil is! How should you like to be a king, Cecil?

*Cecil.* Not at all, unless I could be a good one. I would never kill the bards, and hang the Jews.

*Henry.* It was Edward III. who won the battle of Crecy, in France, where the French were almost three times as many as the English. If common people were to fight one with another as these kings did, there would be nothing but quarrelling in the world.

*Charles.* Richard II., I remember now, resigned his crown; but that did not save his life, for he was killed at Pontefract castle. These old kings were always killing others, or being killed themselves, I think.

*Mr. H.* Pride and ambition led too many of them astray. Edward I. was crafty and cruel, though he had many qualities that well fitted him to be a ruler. His son Edward II. was too fond of pleasure, and too weak a prince to wield a sceptre, and he died a miserable death. Edward III. has a name famous among English

kings for valour and victory. He built the castle of Windsor, and it was in his reign that Wickliff the reformer began to preach against the errors and delusions of popery. Richard II., when Wat Tyler marched to London with the rebels, went out boldly to meet them, asking them to let their king lead them ; but afterwards he was a foolish and tyrannical ruler. Now, Cecil, for a fresh set of kings : Henry IV., Henry V., Henry VI., and Edward IV.

*Henry.* I ought to know all about my namesakes. Henry IV. was another usurper. Henry V., when a prince, was sent to prison by the Lord Chief Justice ; and Henry VI. was a king at nine months old.

*Charles.* Edward IV. was a cruel king, and in his time were the civil wars of the families of York and Lancaster. He belonged to the first, who were the right heirs to the throne. It was he who ordered his own brother, the duke of Clarence, to be drowned in a butt of sweet sack. He might be a brave man, but that makes no amends for murder.

*Cecil.* He looks in the picture as though he would hurt nobody ; but I would not trust him, for all that.

*Mr. H.* Henry IV. was a man of ability ; but in his reign men were first burned alive for opposing popery, on the charge of heresy, and this act is a coal-black mark on his brow. Henry V. won the famous battle of Agincourt ; but he was a man of violence. Henry VI. was meek and merciful, but weak in his measures ; and little can be said in praise of Edward IV. In his reign, printing was first introduced into England. Now,

if any of you wish for three or four kings, I have as many to dispose of.

*Charles.* I hope they are good ones then; for we have had very few good ones yet.

*Henry.* Our father means the last four that have been mentioned, and I will not buy them at any price.

*Mr. H.* If that is the case, you shall have another choice. Here are Edward v., Richard III., Henry VII., and Henry VIII.

*Charles.* I am afraid some of these will be worse than the last. I forget all about Edward v., but I know that Richard III. and Henry VIII. were guilty of a great many crimes.

*Henry.* I remember that Henry VII. was so greedy of money, that he died worth almost two millions.

*Cecil.* We none of us like such kings as these!

*Mr. H.* Edward v. was only twelve years old, and he reigned no more than two months, so that little can be said of him. He was murdered in the Tower, as you must have heard. What Charles said of Richard III. and Henry VIII. is true, though many things are reported of the former that have little foundation to rest on. Richard was cruel and deceitful; he died a violent death in battle. If we cannot say much in favour of Henry VII., we may say a great deal in praise of the chapel he built in Westminster Abbey; for that is one of the most beautiful places in the world of the kind. Henry VIII., though a capricious sovereign, and very arbitrary and cruel to his queens, did much good in opposing popery.

*Charles.* Father, you must bring forward a few more: perhaps the next will be better.

*Mr. H.* Give me leave then to bring forward Edward vi., Queen Mary, Queen Elizabeth, and James i.

*Cecil.* I remember that Edward vi. was a good king ; for he would not tread on the Bible



when they put one for him to place his foot on it.

*Mr. H.* I am glad you remember that, Cecil.

*Charles.* I remember that Mary was a cruel, bigoted woman, who ought to have been ashamed of herself for burning the martyrs as she did.

*Henry.* Queen Elizabeth, though she had some sad faults, was, I believe, a very good queen : we often hear of " good Queen Bess." It was in her reign that the Spanish armada was destroyed.

*Mr. H.* Edward vi. and queen Elizabeth may both be praised, and so may king James i. for his love of peace, though he did many foolish things, and allowed himself to be governed by his favourites. It was in his reign that the popish

gunpowder plot took place ; but it pleased God to bring it to confusion. Now, then, (for I cannot stop with you much longer,) I will show you the pictures of Charles I., Oliver Cromwell, Charles II., and James II.

*Cecil.* King Charles I. lost his head : I have not forgotten that.

*Charles.* Oliver Cromwell was a bold, brave, and clever man ; but for a man to wear armour under his clothes, to carry pistols, to move about from one place to another with a guard, and to be afraid of sleeping more than a few nights at the same place, does not look well. It seems to say that he had a troubled conscience.

*Henry.* Father, I am afraid that you can say but little good of Charles II., or of James II.

*Mr. H.* I do not think that I can, Henry. Charles I., though amiable as a private character, was arbitrary as a king. Oliver Cromwell was an able general and governor ; but he was ambitious and despotic, and an usurper. Charles II. was a profligate libertine, and James II. a foolish bigot. I wish that I could say better things of them.

*Charles.* Kings make but a poor figure in true history ; at least the greater part of them, if you take away their battles and their victories.

*Mr. H.* I have now almost come to an end. Who have we here ? William III., queen Anne, George I., and George II.

*Charles.* If I remember right, William III. was a good king ; and I am sure that when we can speak well of a king, we ought : and then Anne was a pretty good queen.

*Henry.* I remember you said that it was

George I. used to say, “ Never forsake a friend, do justice to all, and fear no man.”

*Cecil.* I cannot remember anything about them.

*Mr. H.* William III. has the character of being wise and brave, and he must certainly be ranked among the good sovereigns of England, and still more so his queen, Mary, who, as daughter of James II., had authority with him till her death, a few years before he died. Queen Anne passed her days in great worldly honour, but was governed by her ministers and favourites, instead of governing them. George I. was in general a prudent king, and was held in high estimation by his subjects; and by his coming to the throne, the Protestant religion in this land was kept from danger: and George II., with qualities more useful than splendid, was a lover of justice. He was the last English king who led an army to battle. Here are the last four pictures that I have to show you: George III., George IV., William IV., and our present queen Victoria.

*Charles.* Poor George III. was blind in his old age, but I think he was a good man. King William IV. was once a sailor. George III. had a longer reign than any of the kings of England. George IV., they say, spent too much money, and was too fond of show and finery: whether it is true or not, I cannot tell.

*Cecil.* I hope queen Victoria is a good queen: I like her picture very much.

*Mr. H.* George III. was called the father of his people. In his latter days, he was deprived of his reason. His memory as a virtuous man is held in high esteem. His son, George IV., had

some princely qualities, but he was sadly selfish : he thought too much of himself, and too little of his subjects. William IV. was very popular ; for he was an honest man, and really desired the welfare of his subjects. Queen Victoria has the good wishes and prayers of her people : may she long wear an earthly crown here, and after that an eternal one in heaven.

This game of the sovereigns of England has not in it so much amusement as many others, but a good deal of instruction may be gathered from it. When we see the temptations and dangers which surround a throne, flatterers on the one hand, and deadly enemies on the other ; when we see the crimes which many sovereigns have committed, and the deaths which many of them have died, it is enough to cure us of longing to be great, and to make us thankful that the goodness of God has placed us in a lowlier and safer position. What are the mightiest kings who have ever sat on a throne, but dust and ashes ? Like us, they also will soon be summoned before the King of kings and Lord of lords.

The mightiest monarchs of the land,  
Like these poor pictures in my hand,  
Once bore a crown upon their brow—  
Where are they gone ? what are they now

Think of these questions, boys, and apply them as much as you can to yourselves ; and another time I promise to furnish you with a merrier game than that of the sovereigns of England.



## CHAPTER VIII.

### THE ODD COMPANION.

*Mr. H.* Now, boys, I want your advice; so seat yourselves, and pay attention to what I have to say. You know that I have often helped you out of a difficulty, so now you must try to help me.

*Charles.* What is it? What is it? I'm sadly afraid that we can be of little use to you.

*Mr. H.* Different people see things in different points of view, and something may strike your minds that has not occurred to me; so put on your considering caps, that you may assist me all in your power.

*Henry.* I will do my best, and so will you, Cecil, won't you?

*Cecil.* Yes, Henry, I will.

*Mr. H.* Well! Now, then, to the point. We ought never to lose our temper about trifles, and we should learn to bear with those around us; but whether I ought to take further notice of what has happened, or pass it by, is the question. Are you paying attention to me?

*Charles.* Yes! yes! We are indeed.

*Henry and Cecil.* Yes! yes!

*Mr. H.* I want to consult you about an odd companion of mine, who has taken such a fancy to me, that he sometimes follows me about for half the day together.

*Henry.* You should tell him if you do not want his company.

*Mr. H.* Tell him! There is no use at all in telling him any thing, for he will have his own way. He never pays the least attention to what I say to him.

*Charles.* Never pays the least attention! Why he must be a very ill-mannered fellow.

*Henry.* I would turn my back on such a companion.

*Mr. H.* Then again he has a habit of mocking me. This he does twenty times a-day and more: whether I am with him by himself, or whether I have friends around me, it is just the same. Now is not this provoking? The other day, I met with him suddenly, just as I was putting my hand in my pocket to pull out my handkerchief; out flew his handkerchief in a moment: and when I bowed to a lady who was passing by, off went his hat, as though he would outdo me in civility. If he happens to be with me when I meet a friend with whom I wish to speak in private, he will

make a dead stand, just as if he wanted to hear every word we had to say to one another.

*Cecil.* You ought to have nothing to do with him. What sort of a man is he?

*Mr. H.* I hardly know how to describe him, for I cannot get him into any conversation. If he would talk freely, I should know more about him. Whether he has done any thing to be ashamed of his face, I will not say; but certain it is, that he puts himself in such strange attitudes, that I can never catch a fair sight of it.

*Cecil.* What clothes does he wear?

*Mr. H.* Sometimes he has a frock coat on, and generally a hat; but I have seen him with a cap just like the one I wear when walking or working in the garden. Is it not an odd fancy that he has taken into his head, to keep so close to me?

*Henry.* You should tell him to go about his business.

*Mr. H.* If I were to tell him to go twenty times, he would never stir, unless a shower of rain, or something of that kind, happened to come on. In a case like that, he is nimble enough, for he is off with himself in a twinkling.

*Charles.* Oh! oh! He is a fair weather friend! He is not one of those who will stand by you in all weathers.

*Mr. H.* That is very true. When I went out, the other morning, I wanted him to accompany me; but I could not get him to go with me because it looked showery. In about half an hour after, the weather cleared up, and when I turned myself round, there he was, not ten yards distant from me.

*Charles.* Why did you not send him back?

*Henry.* Do you never quarrel with him. I am afraid that you use him too kindly.

*Mr. H.* You shall hear! One day, after he had been at his old tricks, mocking me, I turned round upon him hastily, and shook my stick at him.

*Henry.* Ay! ay! That was right. That was the way to serve him! I'll be bound for it he was off then, as nimbly as a lamplighter.

*Mr. H.* Indeed, you are sadly mistaken; for instead of seeming afraid of me, he shook his stick at me just for all the world as though he would knock me down.

*Charles.* Then I say that he was an impudent fellow for his pains.

*Mr. H.* About a week ago, after I had been digging in the garden, and putting things to rights, while I walked along the gravel walks, what should he do but walk at the same time all across my flower beds; the very beds I had been tidying.

*Henry.* Oh, he's a bad one! a thorough bad one!

*Mr. H.* A short time ago, I went to call upon a friend with whom I would not on any account take a liberty. Judge my surprise, when I had entered the house, to find that he had entered it too, without any invitation; and when I was asked to be seated, he took a chair with as much composure as if he knew the owner of the house as well as I did.

*Henry.* I think he is a rogue! Some day or other he will rob you.

*Charles.* And I think that such a fellow ought to be sent to prison.

*Cecil.* I wonder we none of us recollect seeing

him with you. Why do you not speak to the constable? If you once had him taken up, he would behave himself better.

*Mr. H.* Well, I hardly think that he would; for, to tell you the truth, one day, after he had been following me all round the town, and mocking me before all the friends I met, I took him to the prison; but it was all to no purpose. You would have thought that no one could have managed to get out of such a strong place; but in five minutes after the turnkey had let me out at the strong door, he was close at my heels.

*Charles.* Well, of all the raggamuffins that I ever heard of, this is the worst!

*Henry.* Did he get over the wall?

*Cecil.* Did he unlock the door, or break through it?

*Mr. H.* I rather think, that when the turnkey opened the big door to let me out, he slipped out at the same time, without being noticed. Since then, he has several times followed me to church, sitting beside me in the very same pew; and last night, when I went to bed, just before I put out the candle, though I never so much as asked him into the house, there was he close up against the wall, on the far side of the room, putting on his nightcap.

*Charles.* If it cost twenty pounds, I would have him taken care of!

*Henry.* What do you mean to do with him?

*Mr. H.* Well, really, boys, it seems to me, that as I cannot make him alter his conduct, I must put up with it.

*Charles.* Put up with it! Why that will be just the way to make him ten times worse.

*Henry.* Let us know next time he comes, and try what we can do. It will never do to put up with such conduct. If you do, depend upon it, there will be no bearing with him.

*Mr. H.* Then you really would advise me to have him severely punished.

*Charles.* Yes, he ought to be punished, to stop him from doing the same things again.

*Henry.* So say I. If he is not punished, he will do something worse than he has done yet.

*Mr. H.* What do you say, Cecil? Let me hear your opinion.

*Cecil.* Why, I saw you smile, as though you were not very angry with him, after all.

*Charles.* You did smile, and there is some joke about it! Did he really walk over the flower beds, and follow you to church, and put on his nightcap up in your sleeping room?

*Mr. H.* He really did, Charles; but I hardly think that he meant any harm.

*Charles.* Then you must have known him, or you would never say that he meant no harm. Please to tell us who he was? I cannot think who it can be: it was not Henry or me.

*Henry.* Yes, do tell us; it seems to me a very strange piece of business.

*Cecil.* Who was it, father? Who was it?

*Mr. H.* Well, if you must know, boys, it was — *my shadow!*

*Charles.* Ha! ha! ha! Your shadow! I wonder we did not find it out. How very stupid we must have been!

*Cecil.* I thought there was a joke in it.

*Henry.* I felt quite in a passion: it seemed such an outrageous affair. When you said that he

was up in your bedroom, putting on his night-cap, I thought if he would do that he would do any thing.

*Mr. H.* As I have had my joke, now let me try to turn it to advantage. What think you, boys, of treating the little annoyances and provocations that we receive from others just as if they were given by our shadows? You were all disposed to be out of temper, if not in a passion, with my odd companion, so long as he was a stranger; but when you knew it was my shadow, your ill-humour vanished in a moment. What think you, then? Will it not be wise, instead of fretting and tormenting ourselves when people mock us, or even call us names, to treat them just as we treat our own shadows?

*Charles.* Yes, if we could do it, it would be a wise plan; but how can we? If a boy makes faces at me, or grins at me, am I to take no notice of him?

*Mr. H.* If you could reprove him in a good-humoured, kind-hearted way, it might, perhaps, be still better than the plan I recommend; but as it is not at all likely that you would do this if you felt in a passion, so the safer way would be to take no notice of him at all.

*Henry.* And am I to let boys call me all manner of names, without stopping their mouths?

*Mr. H.* No, Henry, I think that you ought to stop their mouths, and I am recommending you to take the most likely course to do so. Do you remember a boy calling you a thief the other day?

*Henry.* Yes, I do; but I did not know that you heard him.

*Mr. H.* And what did you do to him ?

*Henry.* I ran after him, and pulled his ear ; that was the way I served him.

*Mr. H.* I know you did ; but did your pulling his ear stop his mouth ?

*Henry.* No, it did not ; for he ran away, and when he was twenty yards off, he began to call out, "Thief! Thief!" louder than ever.

*Mr. H.* Well, then, as your plan will not do, the next time any one calls you names, or mocks you, try mine. If a boy calls you a thief, he does it to vex you, and put you in a passion ; and if he can do this, he gains his end : but if you will not let him see that you are in a passion, or that you are vexed by him, he will soon give over calling you names. Try my plan ; and if it should succeed, then you will have obtained a good lesson from my odd companion.

*Charles.* I was looking at my shadow, the other day, in the sunshine ; a cloud came over the sky, and away went my shadow, just as though it had been blown away by the wind.

*Mr. H.* Ay, boys ! not only are our shadows passing away, but we are passing away ourselves. "Our days on the earth are as a shadow, and there is none abiding," 1 Chron. xxix. 15. But it is your play hour, and therefore I must not rob you any longer of your sport.



## CHAPTER IX.

### TRAVELLING.

*Henry.* Father, where are you? You are just in time to set me off; for I am going a long journey. We are all of us about to travel, and I shall set off first. I had need have a good horse, for I have a hundred miles before me.

*Mr. H.* What! you travel on horseback, do you?

*Henry.* Yes! do you not see my boots and spurs? Please to hold the stirrup for me while I mount my horse. As I have never mounted him before, I hardly know what tricks he will play me. There! Now give me my whip, and I will be off in a twinkling.

*Mr. H.* I am afraid you will be *off*, in more senses than one, if you use both whip and spur to a strange horse, being so young a jockey; but stop! have you any money to pay the turnpikes?

*Henry.* Oh no! I quite forgot that I should want money for the turnpikes!

*Mr. H.* At the end of every stage, your horse will want a feed of corn, and most likely you will stand in need of refreshment yourself. Have you money enough for these things?

*Henry.* No! I quite forgot that I should want any money at all!

*Mr. H.* Have you a night-cap in your pocket? for you cannot ride above thirty or forty miles in one day; so that it will be nearly a week before you come back again.

*Henry.* I forgot all about my night-cap.

*Mr. H.* Have you your great coat buckled fast either before or behind your saddle? for if it should turn out rainy, you will find yourself badly off without it.

*Henry.* I quite forgot my great coat!

*Charles.* Oh, you are a pretty traveller! You have forgotten every thing!

*Mr. H.* Do you know the road to the place to which you are travelling? and the best inns to stop at? And should you find out the mistake if the ostler were to bring out another horse instead of your own? or a wrong bridle and saddle?

*Henry.* Not one of these things have I ever thought of.

*Mr. H.* Then you had better dismount, and have a few instructions before you set off, or you will meet with more difficulties than you imagine. Listen to me. When you are about to travel a

long journey on horseback, be careful to get a surefooted animal, or he may come down on his knees when you are not prepared for it. Be sure that he is not a kicker and cribber, that is, one that bites the manger and kicks furiously, or you may get lamed for life ; and mind that he is not given to toss up his head suddenly, or you may lose three or four front teeth all in a moment. It will be as well, too, if you pull off your spurs, and leave them behind you ; for some horses set off at full stretch when they feel the spur. Then mind that you have suitable clothes for riding, let the weather be what it will. Calculate your probable expenses, and have something over, in case of accident. Get a correct list of the places through which you are to pass, with the names of the most comfortable inns where you may spend a night. Always see that your horse is taken care of, before you think of attending to yourself ; and give a sharp look out, not only that he has on the right saddle and bridle, but also that the ostler has not brought you to the door an old bay horse, instead of a young chestnut nag.

*Charles.* I think, Henry, you had better put off your journey till you are better prepared for it. Come, Cecil, let us see what sort of a traveller you will make ?

*Cecil.* Oh ! I will not travel on horseback, but by the wagon. I shall lie down on the straw, and have no trouble whatever. The cover of the wagon will keep out the wind and the rain, and the wagoner will take me safe to my journey's end.

*Henry.* But would I go creeping and crawling along for a hundred miles, at a snail's pace, in a

heavy, broad-wheeled wagon? No! that I would not!

*Mr. H.* I am sadly afraid, Cecil, that you would find it a weary journey; for if you did not travel by what is called a fly wagon, that is, one that travels by night, it would take you five days to go, and five more to return. And if you did travel by night, you would have to sleep on the straw in your clothes every night, instead of enjoying yourself in a good feather bed. You had better think the matter over; and now let us hear your plan, Charles. I suppose you will travel neither by the wagon nor on horseback?

*Charles.* No! I shall set off by the mail; and as I cannot bear the inside, for it always makes me ill, I shall wrap myself up in my great coat, with a comforter round my neck, and take my seat on the box by the coachman. I have thought about my expenses, and all that; so that I am quite ready to start.

*Mr. H.* There are some few objections against the plan; for as the mail sets off in the evening, you will be obliged to travel all night, and this you will find very trying, should the weather prove cold. I once went to Liverpool by night, sitting on the box by the coachman, and my limbs were so stiffened with cold, that I could hardly descend from the coach-box, or put one foot before the other. That very night, a man on another coach was frozen to death.

*Charles.* Indeed! I hardly know then what to think of travelling by the mail!

*Mr. H.* But besides what I have said, there is a still greater danger; for young travellers, though lively enough for an hour or two, are apt,

when travelling all night long, to become drowsy. Now if this should be the case with you, and by any accident you should fall from the box, the wheels will probably pass over your body, or your limbs: now this would be even worse than sleeping in your clothes on the straw in a broad-wheeled wagon.

*Charles.* Yes! but you will not catch me now, in travelling all night long, sitting on the box with the coachman. I will give up my journey.

*Mr. H.* That being the case, it comes to Henry's turn again to set off. Are you ready, Henry? Have you attended to the few observations that I made? and is your nag at the door, ready to be mounted?

*Henry.* No, for I have altogether altered my mind. Instead of travelling on horseback, I will go on board a sailing vessel; yes, yes! this will be the best way to travel. On board ship I shall have no horse to attend to. I shall get on faster than in travelling with a broad-wheeled wagon; and if I fall asleep in the night, why there will be no fear of my being run over by heavy grinding wheels. The steamer will not suit me, because I want to see how the sailors manage their sails. Now, help me with my trunk on board! Here, Charles, carry my great coat for me; and Cecil, mind that you walk to the pier with us, with my little basket of provisions!

*Charles.* You are a famous traveller for giving your orders. However, I will carry your great coat; so come along!

*Mr. H.* One word with you before you set off. You must remember, Henry, that as the wind happens to be very high, so of necessity the sea

will be very rough. You are even worse than Charles in travelling inside a coach ; therefore the probability is, that you will be affected with sea sickness the whole, or the greater part of your voyage.

*Henry.* Do you think I shall ?

*Mr. H.* There can be little doubt about the matter ; and then, in a sailing vessel you cannot calculate, as in a steamer, how long you will have occasion to be aboard. Should the winds prove contrary, you may be tossing about on the bil-lows for a week, and be no nearer your destination than you were before.

*Henry.* Then I will not set my foot on board the vessel, you may depend upon it ! Put my trunk down again ! Charles, leave my great coat where it is ! and Cecil, give me my little basket again ! Let who will go by the sailing vessel, I will stay at home till the wind has abated.

*Mr. H.* Now, Cecil, you must set off on your travels once more. Let us see if you will go by the wagon again ?

*Cecil.* No, I have given up the wagon ; it does not travel fast enough for me : I will now set off by the railroad.

*Mr. H.* Oh, oh ! There is some difference between travelling by the wagon and the rail-road, not only in the speed, but also in the ex-pense. Have you got your money ready ? But now, if this journey of yours be merely a journey of pleasure, it will be well to consider whether you cannot purchase some cheaper gratification. To travel two hundred miles by railroad will make a sad hole in your pocket-money : and have you really any occasion to go ? Think how many plea-

sant rambles you may have in the fields without



the expense of a single penny, and how much good you may do with your spare money.

*Charles.* Yes! but you forget that we are only travelling in joke now, and therefore it will cost us nothing.

*Mr. H.* But that is no reason why I may not make a few remarks that might be useful to you if you were travelling in earnest.

*Cecil.* I will give up my journey by the railroad, if you think I have no occasion to go, and save my money for something else. A ramble in the fields, after all, will be more pleasant.

*Charles.* Then you shall see me mount above you all! I will not travel on horseback, or by wagon, coach, ship, or railroad, but by a balloon. Farewell to you all. Mr. Green and I are off together in a balloon!

*Mr. H.* A word with you. Mr. Sky-scraper,

before you rise up into the air. Though Mr. Green has been up in balloons a great many times, and come down again safe, yet remember the proverb : “ The pitcher that goes often to the well will come home broken at last.” It is said, Mrs. Graham fell from a balloon when it was two hundred feet high. I think it was poor Sadler who was seen, after mounting upwards, flying through the air hanging by the heels from his balloon ; and Pilâtre and Romaine lost their lives by their ballooning ambition. Now I hardly think, Charles, that you are quite prepared to fall from a height of two hundred feet, to fly through the air with your head dangling down, or to lose your life by your adventure.

*Charles.* Not I, indeed ! I will have no more to do with a balloon ! My journey is at an end, you may depend upon it. These things are frightful to think of !

*Mr. H.* Setting the danger on one side, the expense of your aerial voyage would be some little impediment. Mr. Green cannot afford to take you up in the air for nothing ; and if the truth must be spoken, it would cost you more to travel a hundred miles by balloon, than it would to travel the same distance by horse, wagon, coach, ship, and railroad, all put together.

*Charles.* You will hear no more of my travelling by balloon.

*Mr. H.* I am glad of it. When duty calls, fear not, whatever perils you may have to encounter ; but never put your lives needlessly in danger. There is some hazard in the safest mode of travelling, but God can preserve us in the most dangerous. Had I a hundred miles to travel, and

had leisure to follow out my inclination, I would set off, boys, on foot ; for then I could turn to the right hand, and to the left, and stop where I listed, enjoying the fresh air, and pleasant prospects, and indulging in a healthy and delightful exercise. The use of our limbs is a greater blessing than the command of every other mode of travelling ; and as you have all given up your hundred-mile journey, suppose we set off together for a pleasant ramble in the fields.

*Charles and Cecil.* Yes, yes !

*Henry.* The very thing ! the very thing !

*Mr. H.* We are all travelling to another world ; may it be to a better country, boys. Remember, Christ is “ the way.” While we live here, it matters but little whether we ride, or walk on foot, so that we keep in the narrow way, the path of duty, and arrive safe at our journey’s end. Now for the fields !





## CHAPTER X.

## THE VOYAGE

*Charles.* I wish our dear father would come, that we might set off on our fanciful voyage. Oh, here he is! that is right! You are just in time; for if you had not come, we should have been obliged to set sail without you.

*Mr. H.* Set sail! Why where are you going? Are you about to cross the sea?

*Henry.* We are going to some distant part, but we have not yet fixed where. We want you to be our captain.

*Mr. H.* Then it seems that you are ready to set sail without a captain, and without knowing to what port you are bound! Rather a hazardous way this of going to sea, boys. But if I am to be

your captain, you must let me ask you a few questions ; the first is, Where does the ship lie that I am to take the command of, and what is her name ?

*Charles.* She lies in the river, and her name is the Albion. We have had her built on purpose. She is a merchant ship, and carries three hundred tons.

*Mr. H.* Very good. And is she quite ready to sail ?

*Henry.* Quite ready. We have been waiting for you to take the command. She is capitally well built ; her masts are straight, her timbers are strong, and her sails and rigging are all new.

*Mr. H.* And who is to be my boatswain, to take charge of the boats, sails, rigging, anchors, cables, and cordage ; to summon the men to their duty, and to make himself generally useful ?

*Charles.* Oh, I will be your boatswain.

*Mr. H.* Have you plenty of spare cordage and spars, oars, sailcloth, resin, pitch, tar, turpentine, oakum, ochre, and sheet copper ?

*Charles.* Plenty, captain, with four anchors and a good supply of cables.

*Mr. H.* As the ship is not over large, I must be my own lieutenant, surgeon, and sailing master. But where is my purser, or steward, to take charge of the provisions and stores ?

*Henry.* Here he is, captain ; I shall make a very good purser.

*Mr. H.* Now for a steady helmsman ! He must be one that I can depend on.

*Cecil.* It was settled for me to be the helmsman. -

*Mr. H.* Very well, I am quite satisfied with

my helmsman. And now, purser, what provision and stores have you got aboard? Have you plenty of biscuit, and a good supply of water? Have you salt beef and pork, with coals, wood, and candles?

*Henry.* All right, captain! plenty of stores, and in good condition.

*Mr. H.* Is there a Bible in my cabin; for I will never set sail without one, if I can help it.

*Henry.* There is, captain.

*Mr. H.* Are all hands on board, boatswain?

*Charles.* They are, captain.

*Mr. H.* Then the sooner we are all on board ourselves, the better. Now give the word to the hands. Weigh anchor, and spread a little canvas to the winds. Cheerly! Away we go! We have left the river; we have cleared the channel; and are now in the North Atlantic Ocean! We get on famously, boys! At this rate, we shall be able to sail round the world in half-an-hour.

*Charles.* A good deal of ice a-head, captain.

*Mr. H.* Ay! we are in 45 degrees north latitude and 30 west longitude. The wind, I see, is easterly: we shall have ice enough, by and by. Keep a sharp look out. Cheerly! We are now in Davis's Straits. Now in Baffin's Bay. We will try Ross' Bay. Now for Barrow's Strait, and Melville Island. Steady, steersman! Icebergs a-head, and on her quarter! Plenty of white bears, whales, and walruses! No getting through that field of ice yonder!

*Charles.* The ship is stuck fast, captain! Two bears are boarding us at the bows.

*Henry.* Short of water, captain! and but little biscuit in the bread-room.

*Cecil.* The rudder's broken, captain!

*Mr. H.* Up with your hand-spikes, to keep back the bears! Set to work with your saws, and clear the ship of the ice! Put the hands on half-allowance, and begin to melt some ice; for though it is in the salt sea, ice-water always tastes fresh. Set the carpenter to repair the rudder; and make what sail you can for Newfoundland. If we have not been able to discover the north-west passage, we have been as far north as captains Ross and Parry went. There! having put into St. John's, Newfoundland, and fresh victualled and refitted our ship, we must sail easterly. What's the look out, boatswain?

*Charles.* Stormy, captain. There's a shark in the wake of the ship. Shall we heave out a line and a piece of beef for him?

*Mr. H.* No! I have no notion of killing God's creatures for sport. We can feel if we have only dust in our eyes, and I dare say the shark can when he has a hook in his throat. Cheerly! cheerly! We are off the coast of Spain. We have passed the Straits of Gibraltar. We are in the Mediterranean.

*Charles.* Squall a-head! squall a-head!

*Mr. H.* Now for a Levanter! Up, my lads, and take in sail! There goes the foresail all to ribands! What a snapping of ropes! What a drenching fall of water! Steady, steersman! Have a care that she does not broach to. Her gunwale is level with the water. Come, the squall is all over! Cheerly, boys! Tack about! Unfurl again, and stand on! There! what a rapid course we have run! We have been at Constantinople, and seen the Turks with their turbans

and red morocco slippers. We have touched at Alexandria, in Egypt, and passed by Algiers, which the French have now in possession. We have seen islands in abundance, and have escaped all the pirates of the Archipelago; and now, having again passed the Straits of Gibraltar, we are sailing along the coast of Africa. What is the state of the bread-room, purser?

*Henry.* Plenty of every thing, captain, but fresh air. Rather too much sun, and a few more mosquitoes and cockroaches than we know what to do with.

*Mr. H.* We are nearing the coast of the Desert; but we have no time or inclination to hunt lions, giraffes, and ostriches! There is the Gold Coast, and the Slave Coast, and the Ivory Coast. We must leave them all, for we want no slaves—pity that there should be any in the world! and we can do very well on this voyage without gold and ivory. Now for doubling the Cape of Good Hope. Boatswain, see to the hands! and, steersman, be steady, or the Albion will be on her beam ends on the shore, and we must dine with the Hottentots without an invitation. On we go. The Cape is doubled. Run on for the Mauritius.

*Charles.* We are sailing cheerly now, captain.

*Mr. H.* Ay! we have made Madagascar and the Mauritius. We are in the Indian Ocean. What a world of water have we sailed over. Cannot stop to peep at the Red Sea. Cannot put in at Bombay, Madras, or Calcutta; so we must leave the Hindoos, the Brahmins, and the Sepoys, to take care of themselves. Steady, helmsman! Clap on a little more sail. Let a sharp

look out be kept up at the mast head! The Albion is as tight a little craft as ever crossed the sea.

*Cecil.* A man overboard! A man overboard!

*Mr. H.* Set the sails a-back! Out with the yawl! Throw overboard that hen-coop! Veer out the safety boat! Steady at the tiller there! Bravely done, my lads! The man's on board, safe and sound. Stand on again. Sumatra, Java, New Holland, and New Guinea; we have visited them all. Cannot go to the Philippines, the Carolinas, and the Ladrones. Run on for the New Hebrides. On we go! we have passed them already.

*Henry.* Water-butts nearly empty, captain. Bread-room getting short.

*Mr. H.* Put in at the Society Isles. Come to an anchor, and send the hands up to furl the sails. Now for water, bread-fruit, cocoa-nuts, plantains, yams, and whatever you can lay in. There! now weigh anchor, set sail, and off to the south-east. We cannot see the Sandwich Isles or New Zealand; they are out of our course.

*Charles.* The wind is against us, captain; we shall never double Cape Horn at this rate.

*Mr. H.* Never fear! Stand off from the land, and shorten sail; we must have patience. Ready hands and steady hearts work wonders. Steady! Cheerly! We shall stand out the blow, and, all well, anchor in Plymouth Sound.

*Charles.* We are making way now, captain.

*Mr. H.* We are. See! a strange sail to leeward. We are now bearing down upon her. Hail her! Hoa, the ship ahoay! Whence come ye? Where are ye bound? Stand on again; she is for the

west, and we for the north. We have doubled the Cape, and passed the Falkland Isles. We have left astern Buenos Ayres and Brazil, and are stretching up the Atlantic.

*Charles.* Wind rises; there's a capful coming.

*Mr. H.* It looks like it. Take in sail! It freshens. It is a breeze—a steady breeze—a stiff gale. Now it comes blustering upon us—it is a storm—the wind howls fearfully—coal-black sky threatens us! What a roar! There's a flash! Down comes the rain like a torrent. Cheerly, my lads! Look upwards, and fear nothing.

*Charles.* We are hard upon the rocks, captain.

*Mr. H.* Out with your best bower anchor. Cheerly! cheerly! keep up, my lads!

*Cecil.* The helm is carried away, captain.

*Henry.* The ship has sprung a leak! Three feet water in the hold!

*Charles.* The weather is too rough to send up hands to furl the sails. The cable is parted: the ship is almost ashore.

*Mr. H.* Out with another anchor! Cut away the mainmast! Keep the pumps going! Ah, what a sea has broken over us! The dead lights are stove in! Keep up, my lads!

*Charles.* The ship is going to pieces! We have no hope now!

*Henry.* It is all over with us, at last!

*Cecil.* We are lost! we are lost!

*Mr. H.* Keep up, keep up! Our cable holds bravely. Prepare for the worst, but do your duty. A worse broken ship than ours has lived out the storm. Get out the long-boat!

*Charles.* The long-boat is out, captain. Will you get into her?

*Mr. H.* Never, till every other man is safe on the rocks! I will be the last man to quit the ship. But keep up your courage. The wind is falling—the storm abates! This will do! We are safe! Let us be thankful. Keep the pumps going, and we shall now be able to reach St. Jago.

*Charles.* The bows of the ship are not much broken, and the pumps have gained on the leak.

*Henry.* The stores are not much injured.

*Mr. H.* At St. Jago, we must run up a jury-mast, repair the bows, and hook on another rudder. Quick work! All right again, and now, leaving Cape Verd astern, we are off the Canaries. Now we near Cape Finisterre. This is “the Bay of Biscay O.” Here are the chops of the Channel. Old England for ever! We are once again riding at anchor in Plymouth Sound.

*Cecil.* We have had a capital voyage. Why, we must have sailed all round the world.

*Mr. H.* We have, indeed, Cecil. I like you, boys, now and then, to talk about sea affairs; for sailors are a hardy, useful set of men, and we ought to think of them more than we do, and, if possible, to do them good.

*Charles.* Yes, they go through great perils.

*Mr. H.* They do, and they perform great services. They convey our merchandize and manufactures to all parts of the world; they bring back the produce of distant countries for our comfort and enjoyment. They take out hundreds of Bibles and thousands of pious publications, to instruct the unenlightened of other lands; and they convey missionaries across the boundless deep, to spread abroad the ever-blessed

gospel of Jesus Christ. In doing these things they endure great toil, they suffer great privations, and they pass through great dangers. If you think kindly of them now, by and by, boys, you may be able to do something for their benefit. And now, boatswain, out with the yawl, for I must go ashore. You and the steward and the helmsman, with all hands on board, have done your duty ; you shall be paid off honourably, and the good ship Albion shall be thoroughly refitted before she again sets sail for another voyage. Now, my boys, remember that you are entering on the voyage of life. You will meet with storms. Take with you the Bible as your compass, and the anchor of hope, which is " both sure and stedfast," secured by the power and grace of the Lord Jesus Christ.





## CHAPTER XI.

## THE OLD RAVEN.

IT is an excellent thing for young people to have such in-door games as will keep them all alive in play hours in dull and rainy weather. Without exercise, neither the mind nor the body can be kept in a healthy state. Of this Mr. Halford was well aware ; and as his children were never half so happy as when he joined in their sports, it was his practice to introduce every now and then among them some novelty to excite their spirits, to set them in motion, and to bring the colour in their cheeks. They had minded their studies well, and applied closely to their books, and Mr. Halford said, “ Now, boys, you have worked well, let us have a lively game.”

Among many other games invented by Mr

Halford was one called, THE OLD RAVEN. This always vastly delighted Charles, Henry, and Cecil, as it offered them two gratifications at the same time, the one that of hearing some droll or pleasant tale, the other that of being kept in a sort of perpetual motion. The game had also this further advantage, that Mr. Halford could, by accommodating his tale to circumstances, either give his young people rest, or urge them on to any degree of exertion he thought proper.

The first time that Mr. Halford introduced this game was on a very dark, gloomy, and rainy day. The young people had tried several games, but they appeared to have hardly any life in them; when, however, their father came into the long room, where they were at play, he soon put a different face upon the matter. "Now, boys," said he, "for a game at The Old Raven!" This observation directly brought about a torrent of inquiries.

*Charles.* The Old Raven! Why what can that be? We never heard of it before. Do tell us all about it.

*Henry.* Yes, do! Who is to be the old raven? Charles, Cecil, or I?

*Cecil.* Tell us, tell us! Are we to sit still, or to run about. The Old Raven! What can it be?

*Mr. H.* Listen, boys! I am about to tell you a tale of a raven; and when in my tale I introduce a trade, you must make motions as though you are working at it. If I say "tinker," you must hammer at your pots and kettles. If I say "shoemaker," you must pull your wax-ends, stretching out your arms at full length. If I say "thrasher,"

you must begin to thrash, as if in a barn. And when I say "tailor," you must stitch away with all your might.

*Charles.* That will do! That will do! We shall all be kept close to our work, I will be bound for it.

*Mr. H.* In addition to this, when the old raven cries "Croak!" you must all of you clap your hands before and behind, turn round, and run to the far end of the room and back again. When the old raven cries "Croak" twice, you must do all these things twice; and when he cries "Croak, croak, croak!" you must do them all three times over.

*Henry.* Cecil! Cecil! that will stretch your short legs; I wonder which of us will be tired first.

*Mr. H.* Remember, boys, that whenever the old raven claps his wings, you are that moment to sit down, and be as still as statues, until I set you to work again.

*Charles.* Now then, begin! We shall remember all that you have said. We shall work at the trades you mention, and we shall clap our hands before and behind, turn round, and run to the far corner of the room as many times as the old raven cries "Croak!"

*Cecil.* Yes! And we shall be still the moment the old raven claps his wings.

*Mr. H.* Well, then, I will now tell you all about the old raven. In an old hollow oak tree, that hung over the road on the skirt of a wood, lived an old raven. His feathers were very black and shiny. When he walked on the ground, or on the grass, he looked as though he had the cramp in

his legs ; and when he flew, he seemed to be trying how very slowly he could move his wings. Every noise near the wood was heard by him, and every passer by, and every living thing that stirred near the old tree, was seen by him. One day, as a carriage, with a thin gentleman in it, drove by under the tree, a shoemaker came up to the place with a bundle in his hand.

(Here the children set to work manfully, pulling away at their waxen threads.)

“ Mighty fine,” said the shoemaker ; “ I wish I had a carriage, for then I should not have to trudge so far to take my work home.” Just as he had said this, a travelling tinker came up in the opposite direction, with a dog drawing his light cart.

(The children now gave over pulling their waxen threads, and began to tinker away in right earnest, laughing at one another.)

“ Some are born to ride, and some to go a-foot, neighbour,” said the tinker. “ An honest, hard-working man may walk his feet off without any body caring for him, while they that live an idle life do nothing but enjoy themselves, and drive about in their carriages.” Neither the tinker nor the shoemaker

(Here the young people suddenly resumed their former occupation.)

saw the pair of crutches that rested against a corner of the carriage, otherwise they might have been more reconciled to their station, and more thankful than they were for the use of their limbs. The old raven heard all that was said, and saw the crutches too ; but what he thought of it is not possible for me to tell you. All I know

is, that he looked very knowingly, and cried, “ Croak ! ”



(Charles, Henry, and Cecil, clapped their hands before and behind, turned round very nimbly, and ran to the far corner of the room and back again as fast as they could run.)

Not long after this, a gig came driving along the road, containing a jolly gentleman and a man-servant ; the man-servant had hold of the reins. By the time the gig was under the old oak tree, a tailor

(The children began to work as though they had been brought up to tailoring, as soon as the word “ tailor ” was spoken.)

coming from a neighbouring town arrived at the spot, carrying a suit of clothes, wrapped up in brown paper. “ Who wou’dn’t be that man, if he could ? ” said he. “ I should like a gig myself, vastly, to ride about the country, instead of slaving at the shop-board as I do from morning to night. That fat fellow has a pretty life of it, no doubt. You won’t catch him at walking : he is too idle even to drive.” “ True enough,” said a thrasher, who had come up near enough to hear the words fall from his lips.

(The tailoring business was given over in a twinkling ; and Charles, Henry, and little Cecil,

began to lay about them as lustily as though they were thrashing in farmer Bond's barn.)

"True enough!" said the thrasher. "If that sleek-looking gentleman would take my place in the barn for a while, it might do him good; it would fetch some of the useless flesh off his bones."

Had the tailor

(In an instant all the young people were tailors.)

exercised his eye-sight a little more, and had the thrasher

(And now as quickly they again became thrashers.)

looked about him more sharply, they would most likely have withheld their unthankful and ill-natured remarks; for then it would have been plain to them that the fat gentleman was blind. The old raven, however, was quick enough to see what they did not see, and as the tailor walked one way,

(Here the boys changed their thrashing into stitching.)

and the thrasher another,

(Thrashing was now again the order of the day.) the old raven opened his black beak, and cried, "Croak, croak!"

(Here a fine bustle took place, for the clapping, the turning round, and the running, being doubled, the exercise and the merriment were both increased.)

Many people think that the raven is a solitary and melancholy bird; but the great and almighty Creator of all things has provided for different creatures a diversity of enjoyment. The raven may be as happy among the secluded branches of

a hollow oak tree, as the lark warbling his song in the air. For some time, the old raven sat still, as if he were musing on what he had heard and seen, after which he winged his way to a neighbouring valley, where, at one time, he kept stocking with his black beak the meadow grass for an earth-worm, and at another stalked by the brook-side in quest of such small creatures of the waters as were agreeable to his taste. In the afternoon, he was again seated in the hollow oak tree, and beneath it were talking two men: one of them was the tinker,

(Little Cecil began to play the tinker with all his might, as though he would make up for the rest he had enjoyed, and his brothers joined him in his employment.)

who was returning home with his dog and light cart; the other was the shoemaker;

(All hands were here set to work at shoemaking.)

and while they were in conversation, the carriage that passed in the morning again came rolling by. The shoemaker this time saw the crutches; for the tops of them were a little way out of the carriage window. "Look, look!" said he, "I see that we have been a little hasty in our judgment. Say what you will, the use of our limbs is a much greater blessing than the use of a carriage." Scarcely was the carriage out of sight, before the gig was seen returning with the fat gentleman and his servant, and what was very odd, the tailor and the thrasher

(The boys began to stitch away, but directly exchanged their stitching for thrashing.)

arrived at the same time under the hollow oak

tree, when the latter directly made the discovery that the fat gentleman was blind. "We were a pair of arrant simpletons this morning, for our pains," said he, "in wishing to change places with the owner of that gig; for he is as blind as a stone. I take it that a good pair of eyes are worth more than all the gigs in the world!" The shoemaker and the tailor walked off one way,

(The trade of shoemaker here began again, but was quickly given over for the employment of a tailor.)

and the tinker and the thrasher went off the other;

(Tinkering and thrashing here succeeded each other.)

and the old raven, hopping from one branch of the hollow oak tree to another, cried, "Croak, croak, croak!"

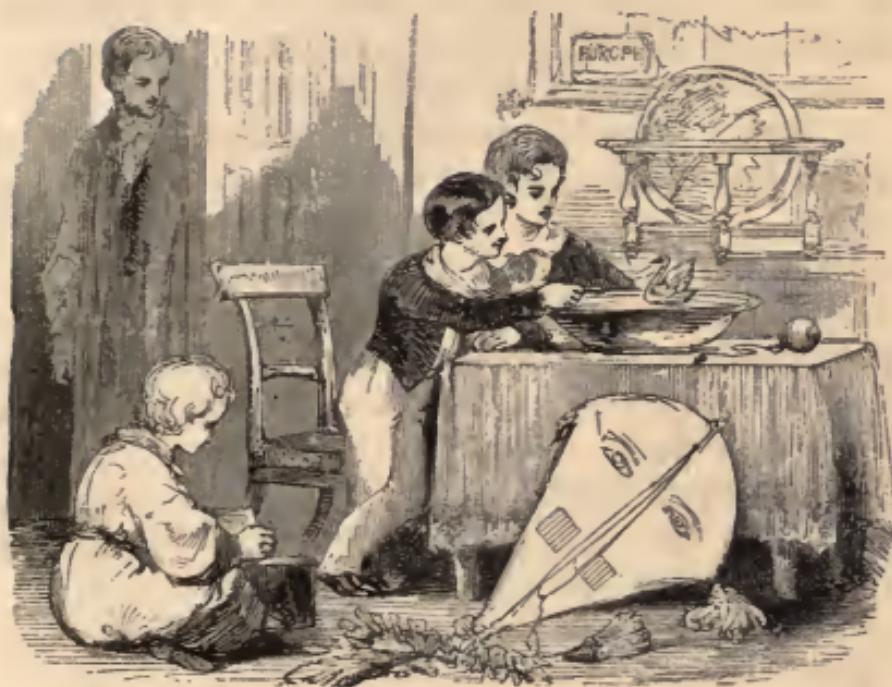
(Here the noise made by the three boys was greater than ever. Clapping before and behind, turning, and running three times over to the far corner of the room and back again, helter skelter, occasioned a more than ordinary bustle. No sooner, however, did Mr. Halford make the announcement that the old raven clapped his wings, than a stillness immediately prevailed. Mr. Halford then went on thus)—

Come, boys, you have now heard a pleasant story, you have had a good game at play, and you have a colour like a rose in your cheeks. Nor is this all; for you have learned, and I hope you will not forget the lesson, how foolish it is to call in question God's goodness to us by envying those around us. How poor is the rich man who is lame and blind! How rich is the poor man whose faculties are unimpaired! If we were truly sensible

of the mercies we enjoy, instead of envying others their possessions, we should have quite enough to do in thanking God for our own.

After a little pause, Mr. Halford, who now wanted to make his escape, set his children suddenly in motion by telling them that on the same day in the following week the shoemaker, the tinker, the tailor, and the thrasher, all met together again under the hollow oak tree, and that the old raven no sooner saw them than he flapped his wings, and cried out louder than ever, "Croak, croak, croak, croak!"





## CHAPTER XII.

## THE RICH MAN AND THE POOR MAN.

*Mr. H.* Here you are, boys, at your play. I was going to tell you something ; but it will do as well another time.

*Charles.* Oh, please to tell us now, and we can go on with our play after.

*Henry.* Yes, do ; for you tell us so often that there is no time like the present time.

*Cecil.* Let us all sit down, and then I dare say we shall hear something.

*Mr. H.* Before I begin, can any of you tell me the difference between a rich man and a poor man ?

*Charles.* Yes, I can.

*Henry.* And so can I. Why, every body can

tell that! Cecil, cannot you tell the difference between a rich man and a poor man?

*Cecil.* Oh yes, I can tell that very well.

*Charles.* The difference is, that one is worth a great deal of money, and the other is worth very little.

*Henry.* Yes; that is the difference.

*Mr. H.* Well, then, I want to tell you of a very poor man who was worth twenty thousand pounds, and of a very rich man who was not worth a single penny.

*Charles.* You are joking! How can a man be poor with so much money? and how can one be rich who has no money at all?

*Mr. H.* This is the very thing that I want to explain to you.

*Henry.* If you can make it out, that a man with twenty thousand pounds is poor, and that a man without a penny is rich, then I say that you can make out any thing. What do you say, Cecil?

*Cecil.* I cannot understand it at all; but I know who can make it out.

*Charles.* Now, then! I want to know how a man can be poor with twenty thousand pounds in his pocket, or in the bank?

*Mr. H.* Attention, boys, and I will enter on my explanation. The man with twenty thousand pounds used to eat turtle and venison, and to drink the choicest wines that were to be had; champagne and claret were in his cellars in abundance.

*Charles.* That does not make him out to be a poor man, however!

*Mr. H.* His clothing was of the finest cloth,

and of silks and satins of gay colours ; and he adorned himself with costly ornaments. Every thing he had was of the newest fashion ; and if fine clothes and fine ornaments could have made him happy, he would have been as happy as any man.

*Henry.* Money and good living, and fine clothes ! You seem to me to be making him out to be a very rich man indeed, instead of a poor man.

*Mr. H.* His mansion was like a palace, and every room was well supplied with furniture of the best kind ; he had capital paintings, and a most excellent library.

*Charles.* Why, he wanted for nothing ! If he can be made out to be a poor man, I wonder where we must look for a rich one.

*Mr. H.* Then, besides all that I have mentioned, he had a carriage and beautiful horses, gardens, fields, and pleasure grounds. All these were his own, as well as his money in the bank, and that amounted, as I told you, to twenty thousand pounds.

*Henry.* What do you think of his being a poor man now, Cecil ?

*Cecil.* We must wait a little.

*Charles.* Now, I suppose we shall have an account of the other man.

*Mr. H.* Not quite so fast, Charles ; for I have not yet done with my man of money. I must tell you a little more about him yet.

*Charles.* Why, had he more than you have told us of ? He must have been as rich as a Jew !

*Mr. H.* Many Jews are miserably poor ; but I will now go on to tell you what the monied man had in addition to his wealth, good living, fine

clothes, princely mansion, pleasure grounds, and equipage : he had sickness.

*Charles.* Ah ! that would make sad work with him.

*Mr. H.* So ill was he, that he had no appetite at all : his daintiest morsels were bitter to his taste ; his turtle and venison, his champagne and his claret, were not so good to him as bread and water to a healthy man.

*Henry.* This alters the case. If he could not eat his dainty bits, they were of no use to him.

*Cecil.* Do you think father will make it out now, Henry ?

*Henry.* Oh, I will not give it up yet, Cecil, though I begin to be a little afraid.

*Mr. H.* Sick men care very little about the clothes they wear. Had the monied man been wrapped up in a blanket, at ease, it would have been better than languishing in a silken robe. His fine clothes did him no good, though they served very well to increase his tailor's bill. Confinement to the house seemed to change his princely habitation to a prison in his eyes, and his carriage and pleasure grounds were almost useless.

*Charles.* I could pity him now, with all his money.

*Mr. H.* Not only was the monied man ill, but he was discontented : he murmured at what he had, and coveted what he had not ; he was always envying the lot of others, and repining at his own.

*Henry.* Things get worse and worse with him.

*Mr. H.* In addition to this, he had a load of care on his heart ; so that come shine or shade,

wet or dry, spring, summer, autumn, or winter, it never found him at ease. He was always afraid that he should come to poverty. He could not enjoy the company of his friends. He could not see to the management of his affairs, nor could he sleep in the night ; so that he was like a blooming peach or apple, that carries a rosy cheek, but has a worm in its core.

*Charles.* He really was to be pitied, after all.

*Cecil.* I think it will all be made out now, Henry !

*Henry.* I begin to think so too. I never should have thought of these things.

*Mr. H.* There was one thing more that the monied man had, which was worse than all, and that was, the fear of death : morning, noon, and night, this followed him ; so that he had no peace. His money, his dainty food, his fine apparel, his mansion, his carriage, and his pleasure grounds, could not drive away his terrors ; bodily sickness was bad, but this was ten times worse. In the midst of all his possessions, he envied the state of the poorest of his tenants, for he was a stranger to peace and joy. Now, then, tell me, boys, whether this man, with all his wealth and all his possessions, was a rich man or a poor man.

*Charles.* Oh, he was a poor man, and a very poor man too !

*Henry.* Yes, indeed he was. I was wrong, Cecil ; it has been made out as plain as can be.

*Cecil.* I thought it would, but I could not tell how.

*Henry.* Stop ! stop ! Father has not done yet. He has only half made it out. He has only told us of a poor man worth twenty thousand pounds :

he has now to tell us of a rich man who had not a single penny !

*Cecil.* Father will do that as well as the other, I know.

*Charles.* Ay ! You must tell us all about the rich man.

*Mr. H.* To be sure I must. There was once a man who, when he had laid out his week's wages, had not a penny left in the world, no, not even a halfpenny.

*Cecil.* I wish he could have had some of the money belonging to the other man.

*Mr. H.* He lived on very plain food, chiefly potatoes, and seldom had a piece of bacon or meat on his table. His clothes were coarse ; and as for fashion, he knew nothing about it. His cottage was a lowly place, with very little furniture in it ; and you might at a hop, stride, and a jump have gone the length of his little garden.

*Charles.* But what was it, then, that made him rich ?

*Henry.* Ah, that is the puzzle, after all ! What was it that made him rich ?

*Mr. H.* You shall hear. He had health of body, so that he always felt equal to his day's work. He enjoyed every morsel that he put into his mouth. A piece of bread and cheese, or bacon, was eaten by him with a relish, while he stood under a hedge, or sat down on a dry bank.

*Charles.* That was very different to the monied man, with his venison and his turtle.

*Mr. H.* Then he was contented ; and you have heard, no doubt, that " a contented mind is a continual feast." I might add to this the text, " Godliness with contentment is great gain," 1 Tim.

vi. 6. He was thankful for what he had, he did not repine for what he had not, and he never envied the possessions of others. He thought his coarse clothes were quite good enough ; his little garden was a constant pleasure to him ; and as to his white-washed cottage, there was not, in his opinion, a snugger place to live in, in the whole world.

*Henry.* His contented temper put him in good humour with every thing. That little cottage was a very different place to the mansion of the monied man.

*Mr. H.* Another thing that he had, was peace of mind ; and peace of mind is worth more than a king's crown. He had no money to occupy his thoughts, no servants to try his temper ; he was not afraid of ruin coming upon him ; he was cheerful in the day, and in the night-time he slept soundly.

*Charles.* He seems to have enjoyed every thing he had, and to have wanted for nothing.

*Mr. H.* But though health, contentment, and peace of mind, are all excellent things, he had something worth more than all of them put together. I told you, boys, that the monied man had the fear of death, which terrified him : now this man had the hope of eternal life, and that was the strength of his heart. He loved his Bible, and believed in Jesus Christ as the Saviour of sinners, who had died for him on the cross, and lived to plead for him above. He had no trouble in this world which was not lightened by the hope of a better. He was indeed "rich in faith," and, possessing the unsearchable riches of Christ, how could he be called poor ?

*Charles.* Why, he had every thing that a man

need have. I never heard of such a man before.

*Mr. H.* Now, then, tell me, boys, whether this man with a healthy body, a contented spirit, a peaceful mind, and a well-grounded hope of heaven through Christ, though he had not a penny to spare in the world—tell me, boys, whether he was a poor man or a rich one.

*Cecil.* Rich! rich! rich!

*Charles.* He was not only rich, but very rich!

*Henry.* He was ten times over richer than the other man.

*Mr. H.* Well, then, that being the case, you may now go on with your play; for I have told you all that I know of the very poor man who was worth twenty thousand pounds, and of the very rich man who was not worth a single penny.







